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Selections.

THE CLEVELAND AND BALTIMORE PLATFORMS.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of The Independent:

You refer to me in your notice, last week, of the Cleveland Convention, and seem to think I should wish, if fully informed, to withdraw from that movement. I believe I am fully informed in regard to it—at least your article suggests nothing new to me—and I have no wish to withdraw from it. I infinitely prefer its platform to that adopted at Baltimore, and can hardly conceive of your preferring Baltimore asking half a loaf to Cleveland asking a whole loaf. What is the precise value from your pen of the slurring epithet you bestow on Cleveland, "unrepresentative," I cannot tell. From others I understand it. But how long have *you* thought that legislatures, custom-houses, ward-rooms, and mess-tables so entirely monopolize the saints of the nation that a *popular* convention is to be scorned in comparison? Better represent nobody than represent rebels. Allow me to remind you how largely the Baltimore Convention was a mob, coming nobody knew whence, responsible to none, and only pretending to represent rebels and States not now in existence; though even in that crowd of representatives without constituents no place could be found for Robert Small and his fellow-heroes of Carolina.

No wonder that such a body, *unlike Cleveland*, was unwilling to press the Confiscation law on a President who once wished to veto it, and has never put it into efficient execution. No wonder, speculators and contractors, they were willing to leave to their friend Mr. Lincoln his usurped power of Reconstruction—the most difficult and most momentous question before us—which Cleveland so properly refuses to confide to any but Congress and the people.

The Baltimore platform has but one article of any meaning or value, that relating to a constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery. That article would never, in my opinion, have been inserted, but for the pressure of that movement which culminated in the Cleveland Convention. The plan of amending the Constitution was never suggested by the Administration, nor by Congress, nor by any prominent Republican press. It was first urged, and has since been patiently pressed, on public attention by those who originated the Cleveland movement. From them Congress borrowed the idea, and to their labor is due the success it has obtained. Further, with all the pressure I have alluded to, Baltimore has not dared to rise to the level of Cleveland, which not only demands such an Amendment, but a further one, "*to secure to all men absolute equality before the law.*" To me this is the chief gem of its crown. There can be no possible salvation for the Union, and no safety for the negro in his freedom, except on the basis of every man of every race equal in privilege, right, and franchise before the law. This idea, again, owes its birth to the Cleveland movement, and is, as yet, the high-water mark of American politics. Neither the Administration, nor Congress, nor any Republican press or platform has ventured to claim it. Repudiated even yet by all these and by many Abolitionists, the Cleveland men announce it, marking an epoch in our nation's progress. I am glad and proud to be identified with such a movement, and history will ever guard the fact that the Cleveland Convention was the first political body of Americans to make that claim, and to plant itself fairly on the Declaration of Independence, in which they are, at once, consistent, statesmanlike, and just. The next generation will see and acknowledge that the men who demanded that step knew their times better and served them more efficiently than the author of the Emancipation proclamation of January, 1863.

The next merit of Cleveland is its protest against the fast growing despotism of an Administration which never shows vigor except against single individuals and in the quiet streets of New York and Boston, but is imbecile and submissive in Tennessee and New Orleans. If, in the profound peace of New York and entirely without necessity, the President usurps all the power of Congress and the Judiciary—as in the Arguelles case—or wholly suppresses the Senate by sending his tool Frank P. Blair to command an army without the shadow of a commission, it is time to ask where we are. If these things are done in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry? Ever since 1861 I have done what I could to point out the dangerous tendency of this use of despotic power. Its necessary use is alarming; the moment it outgoes the strict limits of that necessity, it should arouse the most vigilant attention and rebuke.

The only other article of the Baltimore platform in which the influence of Cleveland can be traced is that meaningless and hypocritical one supposed to relate to a change in the Cabinet; an attempt to say nothing and yet save appearances—an attempt, the first half of which was alone successful. The Baltimore men knew then and know now that Mr. Lincoln neither plans, nor will consent, to change his Cabinet unless he is forced to it by a pressure outside his party and so strong as to make it tremble.

Two or three clap-trap compliments, one-half of which, *you know well*, were neither deserved nor sincerely offered, one honorable protest against the government's infamous injustice to its colored soldiers, and one brave demand (the Amendment) borrowed from its rival—this is the Baltimore platform. Confiscation urged, the control of Reconstruction claimed for Congress and the people, needless Despotism rebuked, and a Constitutional Amendment demanded to prohibit slavery and give to all men the vote—these are the merits of the Cleveland movement; its success thus far has been unmixed and most marked and beneficial.

You dread a union between Cleveland and the Democrats. I should welcome it. The only question is the terms of such union. I am not myself a voter, and could neither give nor take office under the present Constitution. But any Democrat who will join me in securing a union without a slave, and with every man, black or white, equal before the law, I shall be glad to work with. If Cleveland imitates the Republican party, and to win office deserts its principles, then I shall desert Cleveland. But as the party now in power has betrayed us and left us only one chance in three of saving the Union, I am disposed to try any other which gives its adhesion to right principles.

In ordinary times, politics is of little interest to me. But to-day the nation hangs on the edge of Niagara. I have some hope, though but little expectation, that it will be saved under its present leaders. Duty bids me make every effort to insure its safety. Hence, I joined the Cleveland Convention, as a protest against the calamity of Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. I still trust that it may be made effectual to prevent that disaster. I hope the sound portion of the Democratic party—lovers of their country—will accept an anti-slavery basis of action and join us. To achieve such a union is my present effort. I gave the Republican Administration generous confidence for three years. Compromising, purposeless, halting, cowardly, they have disgusted their own supporters and well nigh wrecked the nation. That way ruin lies. I am anxious, at least, to try another. Watchful in the past against deceit, I shall watch as vigilantly in the future, and when the Cleveland movement commits folly, I shall rebuke and desert it. At present, its existence is almost my only hope of anything good being bullied out of this Administration.

All government in this country is an average made up between the purpose of the majority and that of the minority, whose strength the majority fears. Even if unsuccessful at the ballot-box, Cleveland may still display such strength as will encourage or subdue this Administration into loyal efficiency, as it has already lifted the Baltimore platform into decency.

It is too early to form any opinion of the result of the coming canvass. Grant carries the decision of it on the point of his sword. If we of Cleveland fail, I shall not be surprised. Perfectly well aware that compromise is the essence of politics and indispensably necessary to success at the ballot-box, I should be more surprised to succeed. Indeed, the hour of such success would be the one when I should most anxiously reëxamine my own position. Let me commend to you the same caution.

Unless, however, some union takes place among the opponents of the Administration, I have little expectation that the North will finally succeed, except on a basis worse than defeat. If the North does triumph, I shall always look back to the Cleveland Convention as one of the most efficient contributions to that success.

Last, as to the nominees of the Cleveland Convention: I have confidence in the anti-slavery purpose of John C. Fremont; and I wait to see the policy which he and his political friends will adopt for the accomplishment of that purpose. As events unfold, I shall find my guidance in them, and shall take fit opportunity to express my opinion. I know the nature of politicians, how little to be trusted. Whether we shall be able to trust the Democratic party, in this crisis, is yet uncertain; that we cannot trust the voluntary action of the Republican party is proved.

My motto is "the Country" and I welcome any man's aid to save it. If Chicago comes to Cleveland, I shall welcome its aid. If any of us quit Cleveland and go to Chicago, I shall not follow.

Yours, respectfully, WENDELL PHILLIPS.
June, 1864.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY.

In appending to the letter of Mr. Phillips the criticisms which a sense of duty compels us to make, we desire to say in advance, that no man in the land is entitled to a more respectful hearing for whatever he utters than himself; for no man has more purely, more heroically, more eloquently served the noblest cause known to American history. His knowledge of public measures is uncommon, his judgment is not lightly to be esteemed, his integrity is never to be questioned. But we think he is wrong in his present position, and respectfully call his attention to the following points.

I. Mr. Phillips objects to our styling the Cleveland Convention "unrepresentative." We repeat the word. The delegates—all of whom were without credentials, and all without constituencies—numbered only 156: not half filling the hall: a handful of rabbits in a barn. One of the best known delegates said to a friend that "it was the smallest and meanest political convention he had ever known." We are far from despising a small band of good men; but to our personal knowledge, several of the better-minded managers of the movement have become surprised at, deceived by, and disgusted with the designs of the remainder. The Baltimore Convention was not composed according to our liking—for, as we have repeatedly said, we would be glad of a rule excluding officeholders (such as are appointed, not elected) from seats in a Presidential Convention, on the ground that the officeholders under any Administration have too great a temptation to re-seat the same Administration in power. Mr. Phillips was not present at the Baltimore Convention, and we were, and we take pleasure in assuring him that the Convention was not a mob—if, being an Abolitionist, we know a mob when we see one!

II. "No place," he says, "could be found at Baltimore for Robert Small." Well, Robert Small was not there—he was in Carolina. But, had he presented himself as a delegate, he would have been rightfully rejected; not because of his black skin, but, because the only part of South Carolina now under the flag is a slender string of heads called the Sea Islands—not an inch of the mainland, but only a few crumbs broken off the cake—no more representing South Carolina than Coney Island and Sandy Hook represent New York and New Jersey.

III. We grant the indirectness of the Baltimore resolution concerning the Cabinet: we grant, if necessary, its unmanliness: we believe in calling a spade a spade, and a Blair a Blair. But, with all its well-aimed aimlessness, it morally binds the President to make changes in his Cabinet. That resolution was fired at two targets, Mr. Blair and Mr. Seward—those two St. Sebastians, pierced of many arrows, and slowly dying of their wounds. A member of the Committee on resolutions told us, that, though euphemisms were put before the public, there was no sparing of plain talk in the committee-room—that mince-meat was made of those two Cabinet-officers—as the song says a pretty dish to set before the President. Another member of that Committee said, "I hope for the removal of Mr. Blair immediately, the sooner the better for the canvass." We believe that nine-tenths of the party whose votes are to be cast for Abraham Lincoln would swing their hats and give three cheers if these changes could be announced in to-morrow's paper. We simply state facts.

IV. Our friend condemns Baltimore for its omission to press Confiscation, and praises Cleveland because it declared for Confiscation. But has he forgotten that Mr. Fremont, in his letter of acceptance, expressly repudiated this very Confiscation resolution? "I don't think it," says Mr. Fremont, "a measure of sound policy." We therefore call upon Mr. Phillips to visit upon Mr. Fremont as much indignation for this delinquency as he has visited upon Mr. Lincoln. This would be what the platform calls Confiscation, "a measure of justice!"

V. The Cleveland managers, he claims, made the first suggestion of a Constitutional Amendment. This is not true. We give a counter-statement. At the Decade Meeting of the American Anti-slavery Society in Philadelphia, in December of last year, a resolution, drawn by a United States Senator, was unanimously passed demanding the Amendment—six months before the Cleveland Convention! On the 8th of April this year, by an overwhelming vote of 38 to 6, the U. S. Senate passed a bill for the Amendment—nearly two months before! It is therefore a great unfairness in Mr. Phillips to say of the Cleveland Convention that "from them Congress borrowed the idea"! He is equally wrong in saying that no "prominent" Republican press advocated the idea until after the Cleveland managers had loaned it to them. *The Evening Post*, as its editor says, in a note to us, "urged a constitutional amendment to abolish slavery so long ago as in February last"—four months before! The same may be said of a dozen other Republican journals. We will not include *The Independent*, lest we should not be deemed "prominent."

VI. Mr. Phillips points a spear at arbitrary arrests. But, until this letter, we never before heard him refer to arbitrary arrests without vindicating them—never once! Calling them dangerous, he has also called them necessary. In our own hearing, he has repeatedly gone beyond our own assent on this subject. In May, the Cleveland Convention flames forth with indignation against arbitrary arrests, but in the very same month Mr. Phillips spoke in Dr. Cheever's church as follows:

> "Well did Seward say to Lord Lyons, "I but ring a bell on this side, and, unchallenged, I put in prison a New Englander; I ring another one on that, and, equally irresponsible, consign a citizen of Ohio to a dungeon." No such despotism this side the wall of China. NECESSARY—INEVITABLE—NOT TO BE FOUND FAULT with in the death-grapple with rebellion."

Thus approving the most arbitrary of the arrests—for nothing has been so denounced as Mr. Seward's bell—Mr. Phillips's printed speech had hardly time to get to Cleveland before the Cleveland Convention issued a war-cry against these arrests, and Mr. Phillips strangely adds his own voice to the chorus! A man who yesterday said that a thing was "necessary—inevitable—not to be found fault with," and to-day finds fault, is a man easily answered, because he answers himself.

VII. Baltimore, he argues, admitted doubtful States to its floor. True, and we regret their admission. We agreed with Thaddeus Stevens who protested on the spot. But had the Cleveland Convention no delegates from doubtful States? Did it shut its doors upon any one of those States? If the delegation admitted to Baltimore from Tennessee had knocked instead at Cleveland, does Mr. Phillips think they would have been rejected? No; he knows that the Cleveland managers would have paid the travelling expenses of that delegation all the way from the Cumberland Mountains to Lake Erie, and home again, and a gratuity besides—simply to have had them for five minutes on the floor! Has Mr. Phillips received new light concerning the questionable States? Certainly we never have understood him as being a stickler for holding them as territories or provinces. "If you want to make the proclamation effective," said he, last month, "you must find some means of *making States*." And what does he now mean by "Mr. Lincoln's *usurped power of reconstruction*"? It was only in May that he said, "I *accept with gratitude* the first step that the *Administration* made in December toward *reconstruction*"! Does Mr. Phillips approve the capriciousness of mind that accepts in May with gratitude what it denounces in June with indignation! Mr. Phillips's speeches have of late quarreled with each other almost as if the elegant swords in Tiffany's window should spring up to hack each other to pieces!

VIII. We charged the Cleveland platform with falsely asserting that "slavery is virtually destroyed." To this charge Mr. Phillips makes *no reply*. But is he willing to commit himself to this false assertion? Did he not say in May, "To my own mind the slave's fate is yet an uncertainty"? Did he not say that "So long as slavery was tolerated, or the government refused to repeal the Fugitive Slave law, the covenant with death had not been annulled"? But when the Cleveland Convention met, the Fugitive Slave law had not been repealed; the House had refused to join the Senate for a prohibitory amendment; the President's proclamation was then (as it still is, in Mr. Phillips's view) a piece of waste paper, if the Supreme Court so please; the Federal government was then (as it still is, in Mr. Phillips's view) the legal holder of a million slaves; and yet the Convention, in face of these hideous facts, shut its eyes, and, like a company of blind men, agreed to say that slavery was dead! Mr. Parker Pillsbury, a delegate, has published a protest against this monstrous fraud, saying, with a sagacity which does credit to his judgment, "To me, it is not a truth that slavery is destroyed." Since last week we have learned that Mr Stephen S. Foster, a delegate, combatted this heresy on the floor of the house, but in vain. Mr William Goodell, a delegate, publishes in this week's *Principia* an article scouting the idea that slavery is dead. Thus the truest-hearted men present at the Convention are one by one trying to shield themselves from the folly of having attended it. Will Mr. Phillips any longer allow his own great name to be used by others as a pillar to prop up a statement which we know that he himself will not uphold?

IX. We charged that Cleveland was a mere caucus to Chicago—that its managers are now groping in secret to lay their hands, by designed accident, into the palms of Copperheads for a league of fellowship against the great party of the Union. This charge Mr. Phillips partially meets, but partially avoids. He has come to a sudden good opinion of the Democratic party! How long will he hold it? Will he who criticizes the little virtue of Republicans find greater in Democrats? "I know the nature of politicians," says he, "how little to be trusted." But he does not know the nature of Democratic politicians, if he thinks he can trust into their hands the cause of the slave! As George Canning said in Parliament of the proposal to put the new legislation for freedom into the hands of the old supporters of slavery, "While human nature remains the same, they can never be trusted with it!" If Mr. Phillips seeks any political alliance, his proper place is with the party which for eight years has stood for freedom, and not with its enemy that stood then and stands yet for slavery!

To our remark of last week that he knew only half the intent of the Cleveland movement, and that if he knew the other half he would withdraw his support, he replies that we told him nothing new. We propose now to tell him something new. One of his best friends in this city—a noble and unspotted lawyer—addressed to us a few days ago these words: "The Fremont meetings in my district are held in the same grog-shop out of which, last Summer, issued the rioters who set fire to my house; the audiences are the same persons; and the speakers are well-known Copperheads!" Is Mr. Phillips willing to stay joined to this gang? At the great Fremont ratification meeting at Cooper Institute, on Monday night, where Mr. Phillips was advertised to speak (and where consequently we were present to hear), the chief demonstrations were boisterous cheers for McClellan! Would Mr. Phillips, had he been present, been pleased with the sound? Dr. Brownson, one of the speakers, said that for President he would prefer Vallandigham, Horatio Seymour, or Fernando Wood to Mr. Lincoln! Will Mr. Phillips say amen? Mr. Claiborne, of Missouri, another speaker—one of the delegates to Chicago!—said, "Give us a man who is not obnoxious to the South, so that we can form a bridge on which they can come back!" Will Mr. Phillips walk that road to a compromise? John Cochrane, candidate for the Vice-Presidency, speaking at the same meeting, alluded with pleasure to the equal cheers for Fremont and McClellan, and said that these men were "twin cherries on one stalk"! Is Mr. Phillips content to hang in their company as a third on the same stem? In the outside meeting, Mr. Bryce, a speaker, said, "I take occasion to pay a deserved tribute to George B. McClellan (cheers). I like to hear you cheer for him. If Fremont is elected, he will do McClellan justice. I know Fremont from boyhood. Cheer for McClellan; it is your privilege; cheer for any man except the imbecile who now fills the Presidential chair" (tremendous groans for Lincoln). Mr. Phillips has promised that, if the Cleveland movement "committed folly, he would rebuke and desert it." Was not Monday night folly enough?

We were told, at the meeting, by a sagacious man who knew its secrets, that the Democratic leaders were using the Cleveland movement simply as a sharp-edged tool for wounding the Union party. We were told the same thing the next day by a Copperhead journalist. As for ourselves, we knew this before we were told. But Mr. Phillips refuses to know it after being told.

X. Mr. Phillips leans on a broken reed—the high anti-slavery purpose of the Cleveland movement. "The chief gem of its crown," says he, "is absolute equality before the law." But what is absolute equality before the law so long as slavery exists? It is an equality for freemen, not for slaves—the old limited equality which before existed, nothing more. Look at it! A million slaves are still legally held in bonds: the Cleveland platform cloaks this fact with a pretense that slavery is dead, and then asks for equality before the law: that is to say, *taking care to omit from its view the very persons for whom Mr. Phillips demands equality, it bravely asks for an equality which heretofore has existed!* Now, we would be glad if a great political party could go before the country on the high issue of giving every black man a vote; but the country is not ready for such an issue. On the 4th of July, 1861, at Framingham, Mass., Mr. Phillips, in speaking of the clamors which the government then began to hear concerning a policy of Emancipation, said: "IT WERE UTTER RUIN TO ANNOUNCE IT NOW." So, too, if the next election were to turn upon the question of giving every black man a vote, the Copperheads would achieve the next Administration. If the country were ready for such an issue, the Baltimore Convention would have made it. *The Cleveland Convention has not made it, and its managers will not make it.* Any man who knows the meaning of the Cleveland movement laughs at the idea that Fremont and Cochrane are fighting a battle for the sake of the negro's right to vote. Neither of these men, in their letters of acceptance, said a word about the rights of the negro—not even a word of sympathy for the slave.

At the Monday ratification meeting, not a word was said in the resolutions concerning the rights of the negro. The only man who made any approach to an anti-slavery utterance was Dr. Brownson—the man of whom Mr. Phillips, a few weeks before, standing on the same spot of ragged red-carpet, said, "Mr Brownson does me the honor to say that I am MAD upon the rights of the negro!" Mr. Clairborne said, "There was something in the platform harder for him to swallow than a sherry-cobbler." Can Mr. Phillips guess what that was? It was the "chief gem of the crown." Nine-tenths of that double multitude, both inside and outside the house, would have bartered away the whole Cleveland platform for a sherry-cobbler each. John Cochrane, who did not once so far forget himself as to name the negro, was complimented at the close of his speech by Mr. Phillips's old friend, Capt. Isaiah Rynders, of the Empire Club! If Mr. Phillips had been present, as announced, and had held up "the chief gem of the crown" to glitter in the gaslights, there were men on both sides the wall who, for the insult of ranking the negro up to the same equality with themselves would have burned in their bosoms to tear off the flesh from his bones. "I can hardly conceive," writes Mr. Phillips, "of your preferring Baltimore, asking half a loaf, to Cleveland, asking a whole loaf." We prefer the half-loaf of Baltimore, because it is bread: we reject the whole loaf of Cleveland, because it is a stone.

XI. We know the keynote of Mr. Phillips's complainings. It is dissatisfaction with the Administration. In this feeling he does not stand alone. The Baltimore resolution, painting and gilding the Administration, was unmerited. But we shall not join the Copperheads in a coalition to make bad worse. If a Republican Administration has proved unworthy, a Democratic will prove more unworthy; and we fear the exchange. If the great Union party represented at Baltimore had chosen some other candidate, we would have had no regrets. If, before November, some strange change in events should put another name at the head of this great party, we would cheerfully acquiesce. But so long as the case stands as it now stands—the field occupied by one great party whose aim is Liberty and Union, and whose enemies are a motley multitude of every name and opinion, gathered from grog-shops and stained with riots, handing themselves anew to wrong their country, whose ranks are unduly dignified and honored by the presence of a few pure and noble men of whom the rest are unworthy—we shall make straight paths for our feet, and follow with heart and soul after the banner of Abraham Lincoln! We think it Mr. Phillips's duty to do the same. Are we not right?

In concluding these criticisms, let us add that we have written them with an unwilling hand. A controversy with a friend is the water of Marah to one's own lips. But as no man more freely gives criticism than Mr. Phillips, so we believe no man more kindly accepts it. If any word of ours has wrongly stated his position, he knows that no pen is more welcome in these columns than his own.

THE RIGHT OF REFUGE.

From The Tribune.

THE delivery of Arguelles to the Spanish government, as a fugitive from justice, has awakened a deep interest and elicited much discussion. All the journals of this country which have expressed their opinions on the subject, have either condemned the act of extradition as without warrant of law—no treaty embracing that object existing between Spain and ourselves—or they have applauded the act of extradition as commendable for its charitable motive, and as justified by the influence which it is stated to have had in aiding the liberation of a number of Africans from servitude. Waiving now any consideration of this view of the subject, we propose to examine the fundamental, and, therefore, immutable, principles of law upon which rests the superstructure of the custom and usages of nations concerning the right of refuge. The present is a suitable time to examine into the sources of this right, and the relative duty of extradition.

In the free intercourse encouraged in modern times between nations, it is easy for one who has done a wicked deed to betake himself from the place where the crime was committed, and voluntarily put himself in another country, and there claim the right of a suppliant for refuge. Does this right belong to him whose condition is the result of his guilt, not of his misfortune? Can it be that "the most atrocious offender, coming within the pale" of the laws of this country, "is received by them as an innocent man, and they have authorized no one to seize or deliver him?" We answer that this right of refuge, which involves, also, protection to the fugitive, can be insisted upon by him only who is free of premeditated guilt; that the right to deliver up a criminal is inherent in every independent nation, though no treaty exists concerning it; and that no country can be made, by the mere act of the criminal himself, coming unbidden within its territory, a sanctuary where the arm of justice cannot reach him.

The literature of Greece and of Rome commend and laud the city of Athens, because the distressed from all parts of the world had this privilege in common, that they were sure to find in that city a retreat of security. "They," says Xenophon, "who were any way oppressed, or in danger of being so, were sure to meet with a kind reception and a generous assistance there. One of the most touching passages in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles celebrates this feature of the grandeur and hospitality of Athens. In that city was erected an altar, reputed to be the most sacred there. It was called the Altar of Mercy. To it the unfortunate fled—chiefly those who had in foreign lands committed offenses of a political kind—there they sought refuge, and obtained its protection. "But," asks Cicero, "for whom was it designed?" The poet answers:

> "The distressed have made it sacred."

It is related that a certain person named Callistratus, who was guilty of a heinous offense, consulted the Oracle, and had the answer returned to him that if he would go to Athens he should have justice done him. Trusting to this promise, and with the hope of impunity, he fled to Athens, and sought the protection of the Altar. Yet, notwithstanding, he was taken from his "hope of sanctuary," and executed by the order of the State—"A State," observes Grotius, when commenting on this circumstance, "the most strictly observant of everything religious among them; and so the Oracle's promise was fulfilled."

The opinions of the leading jurists of ancient and modern times will be found to justify the conduct of Athens on this occasion, except that modern jurisprudence would not warrant the punishment of the criminal fugitive under any other jurisdiction than that of the country where the crime was committed. Athens, however, felt that her hospitality had been abused; that a malefactor had sacrilegiously laid his hand upon that Altar, which was designed to protect and comfort only the unfortunate; and thus, perhaps, even in a sufficient sense, the locality of his crime and the punishment may be said to have coincided.

It would be tedious to trace the history of the doctrine through the pages of even the leading writers, who have commented on the Right of Refuge and of Extradition. The subject has been discussed in some of our journals with cumbrous parade of citations from eminent juris-consults, but the real question has not been touched as it is presented by the most celebrated writers upon public international law. Grotius first settled, enunciated, and enforced, by a profound and varied learning, the science of the law of nations, and showed that it was based upon, and derived its inspiration from, the law of nature and sound Christian ethics; that it was not derived from, nor dependent upon, the mere interchangeable comity and treaty-making power of sovereign nations, but was, from the first, declared and bound upon their consciences by the law of Nature, and that of nations. "All law is founded, not on opinion, but on the law of Nature."

The practice and declarations of our government will be found, after a proper examination and comparison, to be not out of harmony with these principles.

We have asserted that the right of Refuge cannot be *insisted* upon by one who has committed a crime. By this we do not intend to be understood as meaning an offence merely against the laws of the country whence he has fled, but such an offence as violates the law of Nature or that of nations, and is recognized and punished as such by all civilized countries.

The slave trade, while not absolutely piracy, clearly belongs to that class of crimes which comprehends murder, robbery, and the like, and which are condemned by the law of Nature. The condemnation and punishment of such crimes are embraced in the criminal jurisprudence of all countries; and are merely *declaratory* of the law, not *creative* of it. Because the law of God, which is, of its own force, obligatory upon all nations, and to which it is impossible to rise superior, can receive no additional virtue from the act of man. And so as between the nations themselves; for, while none of them acknowledge a superiority of authority in the other, yet none can deny the superiority of God or their duty of obedience to the law of Nature, of which the law of nations is but the reflection.

Let us, then, be understood as meaning that, by the law of nations, a State is at liberty to deny the right of any criminal to take refuge in its territory; and that it is always its *privilege*, and frequently its *duty*, to deliver him up to the public authorities of the country where the crime was done. This appears unquestionable in that kind of offences denominated *malum in se*; and the right to extradite in such cases is inherent in every independent government. When, however, the act complained of is only *mala prohibitum* this right is not inherent, but is derivable solely from the treaty-making power. And no matter to which class the offence belongs, the right of extradition is never to be exercised where the act was committed in the course of a strife of a political nature. On which view, Grotius declares himself in these words: "In most parts of Europe, this right of demanding *fugitive* delinquents to punishments has not been insisted upon, unless their crimes be such as are of a very heinous and malignant nature. As for *lesser faults*, it has been the custom to connive at them, *unless by the articles of treaty it has been agreed to the contrary*." "If what is laid to the charge of refugees *be not a crime by the law of Nature* or that of nations, then it must be determined by the civil law of the State they come from," in which case a treaty must be provided.

Chancellor Kent restates this proposition of Grotius, and approves it, making the distinction likewise between crimes and "lesser offenses."

> "It is," continues Kent, "the law and usage of nations, resting on the plainest principles of justice and public utility, to deliver up offenders charged with felony and other high crimes, and fleeing from the country in which the crime was committed into a foreign and friendly jurisdiction. This doctrine is supported equally by reason and authority." "The 27th article of the treaty of 1795, between the United States and Great Britain, provided for the delivery of criminals charged with murder or forgery; but that article was only declaratory of the law of nations, as were also a number of other articles in the same treaty. These articles, to use the language of Wynne, were the *recognition*, not the *creation* of a right, and are equally obligatory upon the two nations, under the sanction of public law, since the expiration of that treaty as they were before. Considering the great and constant intercourse, and the entire facility of passing from one dominion to the other, it would be impossible for the inhabitants on the respective frontiers to live in security, or to maintain a friendly intercourse with each other, if thieves could escape with impunity, merely by crossing the territorial line. The policy of the nation, and the good sense of individuals, would equally condemn such a dangerous doctrine. During the existence of the treaty of 1795, it might well have been doubted, whether the two governments had not, by that convention, restricted the application of the rule to the two specific cases of murder and forgery, for it is a maxim of interpretation, that *enumeratio unius est exclusio alterius*. But if it were so, yet upon the expiration of that treaty, the general and more extensive rule of the law of nations revived."

So that, in the opinion of Kent and others, treaties of extradition are only declaratory of the law of nations, and when the cases to which it is made applicable are specified, they are in limitation of the general and more extensive rule which preëxists in the law. And that, concludes Kent,

> "The *only difficulty*, in the absence of positive agreement, consists in drawing the line between the class of offences to which the usage of nations does, and to which it does not, apply; inasmuch as it is understood, in practice, to apply only to crimes of great atrocity or deeply affecting the public safety."

There can be no difficulty in law in placing the act of being engaged willfully in the slave trade, or man-stealing, clearly in that class of "crimes of great atrocity and those deeply affecting the public safety" to which it is conceded by these authorities the law of nations applies.

A citation or two more, and we have done as to this part of our exposition:

Heineccius, in his commentaries on Grotius, admits that the surrender of a person who commits a crime in a foreign country is according to the law of nations, and that it is to be deduced from the principles of natural law. So Burlamaqui follows the opinion of Grotius, and maintains that "the duty of delivering up fugitives from justice is of common and indispensable obligation."

Let Grotius again speak, and as to those fugitives who should *not* be allowed the right of asylum:

> "The so much celebrated rights of suppliants or refugees, and the many precedents of asylum, are intended only for the benefit of them who suffer undeservedly, and not for such whose practices have been injurious to any particular men, or destructive of human societies in general. It was the design of the first institutors of these rights that the unfortunate should find compassion, but that such who by their villanies made punishment their due should not expect an exemption from it. But let not those who by fraud and avarice have made themselves miserable complain of fortune, or dare to assume the title of suppliants, because that is due only to those who are free from guilt, though not from infelicity.
>
> 'Misfortune and injustice this difference have:
> The one from chance results; the other's chose.'
>
> "Nor very foreign to this is that of Demosthenes, translated to this effect by Cicero: 'It is our duty to have compassion on such whose misery is owing not to their crimes, but misfortune.' Accordingly, by the best and wisest of laws, he who by an accidental slip of weapon chanced to kill a man might safely betake himself to the Cities of Refuge, and the same protection was allowed to slaves; but the very Altar of God was no sanctuary to him who was a premeditated murderer, or a disturber of the public peace. Upon the whole, therefore, such criminals are either to be punished, or delivered up, or at least obliged to quit their refuge."

There are many decisions of the English Courts confirmatory of the good sense, morality, and justice of the duty of government to effect the rendition of those accused of a heinous offense.

The late Judge Story has sometimes been quoted as indicating an opinion contrary to that of Grotius and Kent, but this arises from a misapprehension on the part of the reader. Story, in his work on the Conflict of Laws (as is too frequently the case with that voluminous and recondite author), while he collates all that has been said by others on the subject of refuge and extradition, omits to declare his own opinion, and thus leaves his full and varied researches, on this particular head, without an adequate or compensating result. Kent has not only shown quite as much industry and aptness of citation as Story, but the result with Kent is entirely satisfactory; for he has compared, analyzed and weighed the seemingly conflicting authorities, adjusted their operation, shown them to be in harmony with the immutable principles of international law enunciated by Grotius, and most emphatically declares his own opinion in confirmation of their truth and justice.

The application of these principles to the case of Arguelles is still to be made.

A MATTER OF WONDER.

From The Boston Transcript.

IT is a matter of daily wonder, why questions that people settle at once and instinctively, get to be so mystified, complicated, and are so slow to receive the only answers to them obviously right, at Washington. The simplest matters, when regarded as matters for justice and practical good sense to deal with correctly and without delay, somehow become matters of endless debate, or absurd quibbling, or inexcusable delay at the Capital. The government, in its legislative, if not in its executive branches, still keeps in the rear of its constituency; and is even yet to learn how acceptable to that constituency is the most prompt and straightforward and decided action. It is hardly too much to say that, on some points, every loyal tea-table in the land is ahead of Congress, and that the discussions of every railroad car are more pertinent to the hour than many of the time-wasting debates in the Senate and the House. The influences, whatever they are, that cause legislators to hesitate and wrangle, and to leave vital interests, the exigent claims of the hour, to be superseded by local or personal concerns, do not affect the healthful public sentiment outside of the District of Columbia.

A few instances will indicate how much braver and truer to the times is the tone of the people than that, in some respects, of their representatives. Every man of common-sense knows that the desirable thing is to get the best material, as to physical constitutions, mental endowments, and moral qualities, among the boys of the country, for West Point. All experience goes to show that this can best be done by competitive examination, selecting, after the most searching scrutiny, the finest specimens of incipient manhood from among the applicants. But for some reason, this dictate of common-sense and experience fails to make enough impression upon Congress to get enacted into a law. The small patronage of making appointments is clung to, and little willingness exhibited to pursue, in regard to a national institution, the sensible course everybody pursues in private life, when he wishes to get the best agent, clerk, apprentice, or coachman—the fairest, most democratic, and most effective course to secure cadets that will make the ablest officers.

Again, even the "opposition" has admitted that if the government adopts the policy of using colored troops, invites them into the army, the government is bound to recognize and treat them as soldiers in every respect. The government has given the negro his new status, and therefore should respect it by an uniform, rigidly just, wisely liberal and consistent treatment. Slavery, emancipation, prejudices, social or personal, mere political considerations, have little or nothing to do with the question whether employers shall keep good faith with those they employ and deal generously by them. Yet the colored troops and their officers, whilst bravely serving the country, serving it as bravely as any troops, are left to suffer perplexities and dangers disheartening and unfavorable to discipline, left to get, with good reason, out of patience and out of temper, to brood over their patent wrongs, because the authorities that legislate or govern them cannot come square up to the mark and do simply what is right; fulfil real or implied contracts, recognize the positions and relations of certain parties which they themselves have created.

To these examples others might be added. The system or want of system as to the payment of living soldiers and the arrears due the families of those who have fallen needs special attention, and possibly special legislation, at once. If men are expected to keep up their courage in the field and fight zealously, care should be taken to prove to them that they and their kindred are constantly and punctually remembered by the government. So as to taxation and other matters—the people are in advance of their rulers—ask them to act with more energy, firmness, to go right onward and do everything—ask for everything needful to end the war, and so end the rebellion.

It is not to find fault that we write thus. We do it to aid in dispelling the delusion that seems chronic at Washington, that the government is not sure of the people and the people's support. The government will have that support to any extent and in any measure looking straight to the deliverance of the country from the assaults of treason. This is truth for politicians to heed. This is truth for Congress to be guided by in these closing days of the session. Let it do justice and the nation will cry "amen" and back up the amen with votes, money, and men, to any degree requisite to overthrow armed treason at the South and sympathizing treason at the North.

THE FREMONT MEETING.

THE DUTY OF THE DEMOCRACY.

[This article is from *The Daily News* of New York, the organ of the Peace Democracy, whose leader is Fernando Wood. Observe what hopes these sympathizers with the rebellion build upon the action of the partisans of Fremont. We underscore a few lines, to which we ask particular attention.]

THE meeting held at Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, in ratification of the Cleveland nominations, was indisputably successful in point of numbers and in the demonstration of popular hostility to the present Administration. The sentiments expressed by the speakers, and the earnest, though somewhat tumultuous, response elicited from the vast assemblage gathered, indicate very forcibly that a majority of the Black Republican population of this city are in political sympathy with Gen. Fremont. If this be so in the metropolis, where so many recipients of Federal patronage are concentrated, where officeholders most do congregate, and where shoddy wields its tinsel sceptre, the falling off of Mr. Lincoln's quondam adherents must be much greater in other localities, less favored with the distribution of largesse from the hand of central power. The voices already floating from the West have, indeed, thus early in the campaign, signified that Mr. Lincoln's hopes are destined to be blasted. The tidings of his renomination touched no chord in the popular heart, except that which vibrated with disgust. The public demonstrations forced upon the people by his trained masters of ceremonies, have all been flat and unprofitable. It has been impossible for his servile partisans, although prompted by their cupidity and ambition to excessive zeal in his behalf, to stir the sluggish current of popular feeling to even the semblance of enthusiasm. We doubt if ever, in the history of political warfare, a candidate for the Presidency has been introduced to the people amid such ominous and chilling apathy and silence. His star is set. That baleful star, that has shed so much of evil upon the country, that at its rising was the harbinger of death, and sorrow and desolation, has gone down forever, quenched in the crimson tide it had engendered.

On the contrary, it is useless to deny that Gen. Fremont's nomination has received an earnest welcome. He enters the campaign with a certain degree of vim and spirit. He is not prematurely damned by his antecedents; there is no record of crime against him; there are no victims of his lust of power, no spectres of innumerable slain, no fragments of shattered liberties, to check him at the threshold of his canvass. Every Black Republican whose political virtue has not been tampered with, whose hands are undefiled with bribes, who has stood aloof from the opportunities to fatten upon the blood of his countrymen and the misfortunes of his country, will turn his back upon Abraham Lincoln with a sense of relief such as the honest experience when parting company with the dishonest. Then, the unsophisticated will say, Mr. Lincoln must be counted out of the arena. The one whose simplicity reasons thus, knows not how powerful an influence four years of despotic sway can exercise upon frail human nature. He knows not how many thousands upon thousands can be bought by the thirty pieces, and by the promise or the gift of office. How otherwise could so many bold, bad men, have climbed to absolutism over the ruins of liberty? Mr. Lincoln will make no public show, because he enters the campaign with mercenaries. He will fight the desperate fight, for defeat to him will be the first step to the chastisement that he deserves.

It is therefore apparent that the division in the Black Republican ranks is of a nature to paralyze their party. All who are hostile to Mr. Lincoln, but in favor of prosecuting the war, will give their support to Gen. Fremont. The place seekers, officeholders, and mercenary spirits that thrive, or hope to thrive, with the opportunities for plunder and preferment offered by civil strife, will support Mr. Lincoln. *Between the gap thus opened in the War party, the Peace men have but to press onward to victory.* But should the Chicago platform be encumbered with war resolutions, the Democracy will be in the same plight as their adversaries. There is a further consideration that should prevail with the Convention. *There are many Abolitionists, and by the eighth of November there will be many more, who are weary of the war and who have in their conscience renounced their faith in the efficiency of arms to restore the Union. If every party in the campaign should have a war platform, those men will naturally cleave to their antecedents.* They will argue that, as the war must go on whichever party prevail, it is not worth their while to renounce the party they have hitherto supported. But if there were a party in the field whose triumph would promise to realize their hopes of peace, they would give that party their preference. *These peace Abolitionists are as yet reserved and cautious in their expression of peace sentiments; but we have maintained that they are already strong in numbers, and we are convinced that the course of events will develop a similar train of thought in thousands who are already aghast and conscience-stricken at the fearful condition of the country.*

We do not believe that the Chicago Convention will have aught to do with war resolutions. We have been assured by many prominent and influential Democrats, hitherto zealous advocates of a vigorous prosecution of hostilities, that the Convention will take no action calculated to outrage the principles of the Peace Democracy. We are confident that this judicious course will be adopted. The proposition for an armistice would render the Chicago platform acceptable to the entire Democracy and to many Black Republicans. The Democracy have the key of the White House in their hands; if they do not use it, the folly is theirs, the ruin is their country's.

A FREMONT SERENADE.

[Hon. N. C. Claiborne, of Missouri, who came to New York to attend the Fremont Ratification meeting, and who, it will be remembered, told his auditors on that occasion that there were some things (meaning the anti-slavery resolves) that were "not so pleasant to swallow as a mint-julep," was honored by a serenade, on Wednesday evening, 29th ult., at the Metropolitan Hotel. He was introduced to his audience by Edward Gilbert, Esq., President of the Fremont Club. We select a few gems from his speech.]

THERE are three parties, or fragments of parties, now in the nation convinced of the necessity of hurling Mr. Lincoln from power, and placing in his position a better man (applause). We have the Radical party, who have taken the name—the glorious one of the Radical Democracy (applause). We have the War Democracy, and the Peace Democracy. We are just now in the same fix that we were in the canvass of 1860, when by our dissensions we elevated to the office of President of the United States by a plurality vote, a buffoon unfit to preside over the destinies of a great nation (loud applause). Shall we as rational and sensible men, as patriots looking to the preservation of the Union and Constitution, play again the same game that we played in 1860, and lose the great stake that depends upon the canvass of 1864? For one I am disposed to profit by the experience of the past, and not to allow mere party predelections to again secure the Presidency of the Union to the dynasty that now rules at Washington city (loud applause). I propose, if it is necessary to do it, to sacrifice party feeling upon the altar of my country to save what is left of it for ourselves and our posterity. How is this to be done? Let us consider the question freely and frankly together. Our object should be to unite all the elements of the opposition to Lincoln under one common party (applause). There are, I know, a host of warm friends in this city of the distinguished general, George B. McClellan (loud cheering. Three cheers for McClellan). I know in the city of New York there are many Peace Democrats. [A solitary Voice—"Oh, they be damned!"] I know that now in this nation there are seven hundred thousand men who have dared to brave the lion in his den, and separate from the corrupt and imbecile administration of Abraham Lincoln and hoist the banner of the Pathfinder, John C. Fremont (loud applause, three cheers for Fremont). Now if we cannot get McClellan (Voice—"We can"), if we cannot get the choice of the Peace Democracy, if we cannot get John C. Fremont, then it will become us as patriots and Ameri can citizens, to sacrifice all men for the sake of the cause and unite upon some man whom we can elect President of the United States ["That's right," cheers]. Now let us see who has the best chance at present. (Loud cries—"McClellan," "Fremont," "McClellan," "Fremont," each party trying to drown the cries of the other.) Is there in this crowd any Democrat or Radical Democrat who does not want to defeat Lincoln at all hazards? ("No, there aint.") Now suppose a case. Suppose that at Chicago, on the 29th of next August, just two months before the Presidential election, the War Democracy should nominate George B. McClellan, and suppose he could not get the Peace vote, and is beaten by nine hundred thousand votes ("No, no." "He can't be"), how would you feel then? Suppose Fremont can start in this race with eight or nine hundred thousand votes taken from Mr. Lincoln's party. If we unite on him he will be President of the United States (cheers). Is there a Democrat in New York that would not rather see John C. Fremont President than Lincoln? ("No, no." "He loves the nigger too well." Cheers.) Do you prefer Lincoln to Fremont? If you do, you are not the intelligent gentleman I expected to find you (laughter). But if it could be demonstrated that Fremont, with a start of eight hundred thousand votes, could not be elected, and we can elect some other man, I say, in God's name, let us elect him in preference to Lincoln (cheers). Fellow-citizens, each and every one of you, I suppose, want freedom of speech, do you not? ("I'll bet you!") You do not want your persons, property, or lives jeoparded unless in obedience to the Constitution and laws of your country, do you? ("No, no.") You want a free press, do you not? ("Yes.") Then the Radical Democratic platform declares in favor of free speech, a free press, the *habeas corpus*, the Constitution and the reconstruction of the Union (applause). Give us a change of Administration. [A Voice—"That's what we want."] Hurl from power the man whose election has brought upon this nation countless woes, and the Union may be reconstructed in harmony and peace. It is our stern and solemn duty—a duty we owe to the living, to the dead, and to those who are to come after us, to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, if need be with our lives. That Constitution has been perverted and trampled upon by the men who swore that he would faithfully support and administer it (cheers for McClellan and Fremont). The next time I speak I will make three speeches—one to each party, except Lincoln's party; there is no use of talking to them, for they are all bought up ("That's so"). The War Democrats are honest; the Fremonters are honest; the Peace men are honest in their convictions; but the Lincoln party is held together by the cohesive power of public plunder (cheers. A Voice—"Fremont is the man)."

In St. Louis, the great city of the Mississippi valley, on Saturday night last, thirty thousand freemen rallied to the Fremont ratification meeting (cheers). Democrats and Radical Democrats were arm in arm, against an imbecile and corrupt Administration, and when the contest narrows down, I care not who may be the Opposition candidate, every patriot will cast his vote against Abraham Lincoln.

[Mr. S. Wolf, of Washington, a member of the Fremont Committee, also made a speech, ending as follows:]

Call us Copperheads, soreheads, or what you will, it does not matter ("No, no"). The American people are not so easily alarmed by hard names; they look for eternal truths, for those invaluable principles which underlie all republican governments, and with such glorious leaders, whose sympathy, earnestness, and truth are proverbial, there can be no such word as fail (cheers). Rebellion crushed—our flag once more waving in its ancient lustre, Fremont, the pathfinder of radicalism, elected, we will, as in the days of yore, have an American army heroic as in the past, glorious as in the present, and the dastard feet of Austria and France shall be removed from the soil of Mexico, and the leader of that army shall be the patriot, warrior, and Christian, New York's favorite son, Gen. George B. McClellan (loud cheers).

[Edward Gilbert, Esq. (Cheever Abolitionist), followed in a speech which the Copperhead *World* calls "eloquent and pertinent"; and then "the meeting," says the same paper, "adjourned amid cheers for Fremont and McClellan"—the "twin cherries on one stem!"]

DEATH OF JOSIAH QUINCY, SR.

From The Evening Post, July 5.

THE venerable JOSIAH QUINCY died on Saturday at his country seat in the neighborhood of Boston, in the ninety-third year of his age. Few men have lived so long; few have lived so worthily. Below will be found a sketch of the principal events of his life, a very considerable part of which has been spent in the public service, performing the various duties of the different posts to which he was called for the most part by popular election with extraordinary ability and the most perfect integrity and singleness of purpose. His father at his death, in leaving to him the works of Sidney, Locke, and Bacon, implored of heaven that the spirit of liberty might rest upon his son, and his prayer was answered.

It is fortunate for a republic that it can number such men among its citizens. It is doubly fortunate when the lives of those who have set their countrymen so high and noble an example are prolonged, amid universal respect, beyond the period usually allotted to human life, so that one generation after another may have before its eyes an example of the honor and veneration which form one of the rewards of public virtue.

Mr. Quincy was born several years before the American revolution, and his personal recollections connected the first war of our independence, in which we threw off the yoke of Great Britain, with the second in which we are now engaged, emancipating ourselves from the dominion of the slaveholders. We had for our part reverently hoped that his life might be lengthened to the time when this great rebellion would be subdued, the power of slavery broken forever, and that liberty to which he was consecrated in his infancy made the heritage of every human being in every State of the Union. He lived, however, to see the near approach of that time, and left the world in the confident expectation of its speedy advent.

Josiah Quincy, Sen., died on Saturday at his country seat in Quincy, at the very advanced age of ninety-two. Mr. Quincy long occupied a prominent political position, held many places of trust, and although he had in later years withdrawn from public life, continued to cherish an active interest in State and National affairs. By profession, he was a lawyer; he entered public life more than fifty years ago; was successively State Senator in Massachusetts, Representative in Congress, a member of the lower house of the Massachusetts Legislature, Judge of the Municipal Court in Boston, Mayor of the city, and President of Harvard University; and found time, besides, to add valuable contributions to our historical literature.

Mr. Quincy was born at Boston, February 4, 1772. The place of his birth is now known as No. 166 Washington street. It formerly went by the name of Marlboro'. The parental Quincy, it is said, was the first lawyer in Boston who ventured to indicate the nature of his profession by putting up a sign-board over his door; and it is further related in the family records that many of the connections of the Quincys suffered dispersal during the progress of the siege of Boston by the British. Josiah was an only son. His only sister died in 1775, when he was three years old. His father died in the same year, and Mrs. Quincy, a widow, with a young child, sought the protection of her parents in the town of Norwich, Connecticut. The father had died at sea, while on his return from a visit to London for his health, but left a will containing this injunction: "I give to my son when he shall arrive to the age of fifteen years, Algernon Sidney's works, John Locke's works, Lord Bacon's works, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!"

The young Quincy was prepared for college at Phillips's Academy, in Andover, Mass., was entered at Harvard, and graduated thence in 1790 at the age of eighteen. On Commencement day he gave an English oration on the "Ideal superiority of the present age in literature and politics." After leaving college he took up the study of the law, was admitted early, and in the Summer of 1797 married a daughter of Mr. John Morton, a New York banker. In 1796 Mr. Quincy became a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was afterwards its treasurer, holding that office from 1803 to 1820. From 1820 to 1830 he was President of the Boston Athenæum, a history of which institution was subsequently prepared by him and published.

Mr. Quincy was in public life for many years. In 1804 he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, and in 1805 was chosen as a Representative in Congress from Suffolk County. He held his seat, by reëlection, until 1813, and participated in the discussion of the events of the last war, the embargo and commercial restrictions. The embargo was Mr. Quincy's especial abhorrence. In a speech on the necessity of repealing the law, delivered in Congress during the height of the excitement, he declared that "Massachusetts abhorred the monster"; that "an embargo upon liberty was never cradled" in that State; that "she was free as air—she could swim or she could run—the ocean was her cradle." Mr. Quincy went still further indeed, was never chary of expressing his sentiments, and rather courted than shunned opposition. In an oration delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society in April, 1813, he took occasion not only to denounce the war with Great Britain, but to impugn the motives of the national rulers. "Whenever," he said, "the rulers of a nation became the mere heads of a party, the last and least consideration with them is the good of the people." At times Mr. Quincy was passionate in his declamation. On one occasion, during the war debates, he denounced the Democratic members as "young politicians, with the pin-feathers yet unshed, and the shell still sticking to them," as "fawning sycophants," and as "reptiles who crawled at the feet of the President." His speeches indicate the spirit of the times, and are curious specimens of the acrimonious warfare then carried on in Congress. A noble speech, delivered by Mr. Quincy on the first of January, 1811, on the influence of power and patronage, was conceived in a different vein, and drew from John Quincy Adams the high encomium that "it ought to be hung up in every office of every officeholder in the Union." His minority address in Congress is famous.

Retiring from Congress, Mr. Quincy was again elected to the State Senate in Massachusetts, and while a member of that body made himself conspicuous by his resolution on the capture of the Peacock by the Hornet, under Captain Lawrence. The preamble praised the conduct of the officers of the Hornet, but the resolution which followed declared that "the war was waged without justifiable cause," and that it did not become a moral and religious people to express approbation of it. In 1815 the anti-war party, among whom Mr. Quincy continued active, proposed the organization of the Massachusetts Peace Society.

Mr. Quincy was one of the earliest members of that body, and in 1820 delivered an address before it. In 1821 he retired from the State Senate, and was then elected to the lower house for two successive terms, at the last of which he was chosen Speaker. In 1820 he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts; in 1822 was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, and soon after was elected Mayor of that city. As Mayor he showed an active personal interest in the establishment of the House of Industry, the Juvenile House of Reformation, street improvements, and the Quincy Market-house. He was the founder of the Boston Fire Department, which dates from 1827. In January, 1829, having held the office of Mayor for several years, Mr. Quincy was chosen the successor of Dr. Kirkland in the presidency of Harvard College. His inauguration took place on the 2d of June, 1829. He held this office for sixteen years, and during his performance of its various duties found leisure to prepare an extended history of Harvard, which was published in two volumes in 1840. A considerable share of some twenty years of his life was also given to the preparation of another important historical work, his "History of Boston," from its first settlement in 1663; and more especially from its incorporation as a city. His intended purpose to prepare this work was announced in his farewell address, on taking leave of the mayoralty in January, 1829.

Among other literary labors, Mr. Quincy edited memoirs of his father, Josiah Quincy, James Grahame and Major Samuel Shaw; twice delivered the city oration in Boston on the Fourth of July (1798 and 1826); and prepared orations and addresses for various occasions. Mr. Quincy led an active and laborious life, and has left many memorials of his usefulness. His son, Josiah Quincy, Jr., is a distinguished lawyer in Boston, and was formerly Mayor of that city.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Abolitionists have had the custom for many years, under the auspices and by the recommendation of the American A. S. Society and its auxiliaries, of celebrating the Nation's Birth-day at separate and specific meetings of their own. In the state of the country previous to the war and for the first year of its continuance, and in the state of public sentiment as to slavery then, they did not feel it becoming their principles or befitting their position to unite in the noisy services usually held in honor of that great Anniversary. Fully sensible, however, of its sublime prophecy, as well as of its glorious history impressed on the pages of the annals of both continents, and deeming the day to be one peculiarly belonging to themselves, as the just representatives of the Signers of the Declaration charged with the duty of making it a living reality instead of a string of "glittering generalities," they held that they, of all men, were entitled to the recollections and anticipations belonging to its annual recurrence. They, therefore, assembled themselves together under the shade of groves and by the side of still waters to bear their testimony against the backslidings of their generation, and to utter their predictions of the better day to come. The aspect of affairs from their point of view did not look fair enough for the first years of the struggle which had grown out of the collision between their ideas and those of the devotees of slavery, to make them think it wise to discontinue their annual custom. This year, however, the American and Massachusetts Societies have been of the opinion that the condition and prospects of affairs, and the state of public sentiment as to slavery was so far changed for the better, that the separate celebrations might be profitably abandoned and all unite in whatever services in honor of the day that were instituted by the authorities of their own or of neighboring towns. They have ever longed for the day to come when they might issue forth from their isolation and join themselves to the general company of their fellow-citizens. That day seems now to have arrived. We hope, with trembling, that it may continue to the end without interruption.

It was obviously impossible for men regarding slavery as the abomination in the camp of our Israel, which was drawing down upon it the Divine vengeance, and which was sure to work its ruin if not put away from it, to join in the idolatrous worship offered to the accursed thing as our protecting deity, of which the Fourth of July used to be the festival. During the reign of the slave-breeders and their Northern serfs, Independence Day was made the occasion of glorifying the Constitution and the Union, slavery being assumed to be the inspiring principle of the one and unquestioning allegiance to it the virtuous and only means of preserving the other. The ashes of the Fathers were insulted and their great names blasphemed by the orgies held on the day they had set apart for immortality and by the lies which were foisted into their dead mouths. The Abolitionists could hold no counsel and have no communion with such degenerate brethren. They were forced by the necessities of the case to separate themselves from them and to uplift their voices against their heresies. The burning of the Constitution at Framingham on one Fourth of July, by Mr. Garrison, which was so generally denounced, was but a type of the irreconcilable divergence of Slavery and Anti-Slavery, as men's minds and the deeds that issued from them then were. And so of the denunciation of the Constitution as a Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell, it was the strongest possible statement of the perversion of public feeling which had made Slavery the controlling and abiding spirit of the Constitution, and what did not seem then as if it could be cast out without rending and destroying the thing possessed of the devil. So of Mr. Phillips's oft-repeated asseveration that "there could be no Exodus for the American slave excepting over the ruins of the American Church and the American Constitution." As things looked and as men felt then, all these things were right and necessary to be said. We all felt that if slavery were an essential, integral part of the American Church and Constitution (as it then seemed to be), the downfall of the one and the other could not be avoided, for the curse of God rested upon them both. These were not merely just and proper expressions of eternal truth, they were moderate and guarded ones, for which and their influence on the public mind of the North we have good reason to rejoice.

But the pride that goeth before a fall and the madness that heralds destruction fell upon the tyrants. Their eyes were blinded that they should not see, their hearts hardened that they should not feel, and their understandings darkened that they should not perceive the ruin that they were preparing for themselves in their wild dreams of universal empire and perpetual supremacy. And no wonder, for we ourselves did not believe that so much sense of self-preservation, not to call it virtue, remained undestroyed by slavery in the Northern mind. But they and we were mistaken. It was not so entirely devotion to slavery as we had thought, that had produced the infamous succession of compromises which culminated in the rebellion they had sought to divert. It was largely a feeling that the greatness and prosperity of the Nation depended on its territorial integrity, and that these could be neither secured nor peace preserved, if a division should be tolerated, that led to the humiliations of former times and to the unanimous uprising of 1861. Nothing less outrageous than the rebellion, in its insolence and villany, would probably have produced this result. But it occurred, and the events which have been born of it have entirely changed the relations of the Abolitionists to the government. At all times, even when they were denounced the most loudly as treasonable and fanatical, they were the truest patriots in the land. They loved the Nation itself more than the Constitution which it had made for itself. They loved the life rather than the raiment, and would fain have saved the one at the cost of the other. But if both can be preserved, none will rejoice more heartily than they. It was the poison in the robe of Nessus which did the hero of mythology to death. It is the poison only which the Abolitionists would eliminate from the robe of their common mother, that she may live and not die. Of this we now see a reasonable hope. We do not hold with the Chicago Convention that slavery is dead, but we think that it is moribund and cannot be made long to live by the most malignant leechcraft. The Emancipation proclamation, the employment of negro troops, the repeal of the Fugitive Slave laws, the passage by large majorities in both Houses of the Abolition Amendment, not to mention many other hopeful events, prognosticate surely the end of a system so little hardy and so dependent on careful nursing as slavery. The Abolitionists, therefore, feel that their relations to the Nation are very different from what they were four years ago. Mr. Garrison feels free to urge the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, and Mr. Phillips is impelled to promote the election of Gen. Fremont to the same office, both from the same earnest love of country and the same strong conviction that thus slavery will be the soonest destroyed. It is indeed a new world in which we find ourselves.

The Abolitionists omit their Annual Celebration of the Fourth this year, because they trust that the rest of the nation have become worthy through suffering to celebrate it worthily. They are painfully sensible of the many shortcomings, blunders and crimes through which the government and the people have stumbled on to the point where both now stand. They are fully aware of the dangers of reactionary delays which may yet retard the day of perfect freedom. They will still maintain their independent attitude of impartial observation and fearless criticism. But they hope soon to be permitted, through the accomplishment of their work, to melt unobserved into the mass of their fellow-citizens and never again to make the Fourth of July an annual occasion of solemn protest against the crimes of the American people against that Universal Liberty of which it boasts of holding the palladium in the Declaration of Seventy-Six.

THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I VERY much regret that of the resolutions adopted by the late New England Anti-Slavery Convention a series offered by Parker Pillsbury should have failed to appear in the Report. As one of the Secretaries, all the resolutions before the Convention were in my charge. At the close of the last session I made up a parcel of the manuscript in my possession and gave it to Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton, of *The Liberator*, for publication. I supposed the resolutions offered by Mr. Pillsbury to have been included (as I fully intended they should be) in this parcel of manuscript. Afterwards, on arranging the Report for publication, they could not be found. Nor have they yet been recovered. Whether in the hurried period at the adjournment of the Convention, near midnight, I dropped them from my table, and thus lost them, or they were accidentally mislaid by Mr. Yerrinton, it is impossible for me now to affirm. Very certain I am that in either case their loss was purely accidental.

Mr. C. K. Whipple, who was also one of the Secretaries, did not at any time have charge of the resolutions in question, and is in nowise responsible for their non-appearance. Fearing it might prove impossible to recover the original manuscript, I applied to Mr. Pillsbury for a duplicate of the resolutions for subsequent publication. This he was unable to furnish.

Sincerely regretting the omission, I am,

Very truly yours, AARON M. POWELL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I greatly regret to see, on the part of two such steadfast opponents of slavery as yourself and Dr. Brooke of Ohio, the hasty imputation of ill motives to fellow-laborers in the cause of freedom. When the latter says, in last week's STANDARD (respecting those resolutions of Parker Pillsbury which were debated and accepted by the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, but which did not appear in the record of its proceedings) that "What was published fairly conveys the impression that these have been suppressed for partisan purposes," he mistakes; and when you retort that this declaration "indicates a state of mind far worse than ordinary partisanship," in my judgment you equally mistake.

Dr. Brooke asks—"Is it possible to believe that, in the better days of our movement, such an accident would not have been remedied, and historical truth vindicated, by their after publication?" I reply, to me it *is* possible to believe this; and further, to believe that accident, far more probably than any unfair dealing of the persons here concerned, must account for the yet unexplained disappearance of Mr. Pillsbury's resolutions. I ought, perhaps, earlier to have made the explanation here following; but I hoped and expected a recovery and publication of the document in question.

Aaron M. Powell and myself were Secretaries of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention. An insufficiency of voice, which has always prevented my speaking or reading to a large audience, caused me then, as previously, to act merely as Recording Secretary, so that the resolutions, list of officers, and other documents belonging to the Convention, never came into my hands at all. They were kept by my colleague, who from time to time read to the meeting such of them as were called for, and who lent them, according to custom, to the reporters for the daily press. At the close of the second day's evening session, we both put our notes and documents into the hands of Rev. Samuel May, Jr., to be united into a continuous narrative for the press, a work which he has been accustomed to do for many years, having himself been principal Secretary when his health permitted. Mr. Powell left Boston early the next morning to fulfil other engagements, and Mr. May also left, after putting his papers into the printer's hands. When, afterwards, the printer told me that Mr. Pillsbury's resolutions were missing, it seemed probable that Mr. Powell had accidentally failed to deliver them with the other documents, and that they might be still in his possession. I wrote a telegraphic message to send to him, but on application at two offices was told that there was no telegraphic station in the place of his residence, Ghent, N. Y. Mr. Pillsbury also had left town, and the daily press had given only abstracts of the resolutions, so that it was impossible to reproduce them. I then supposed that a brief mention of the omission would cause an immediate return of the resolutions by the person who had them in possession. They did not, however, appear, and I am still unable to account for their loss.

I do not, however, jump from this uncertainty to a suspicion of unfair dealing on the part of either of the parties concerned, and I see neither reason nor probability in such suspicion. It is absurd to suppose that Mr. Powell (who not only, like myself, voted for the resolutions, but who made a vigorous and admirable speech in their behalf), purposely withheld them from the press. It is equally absurd to suppose that Mr. May, the soul of honor, and eminent for faithfulness as for accuracy, committed the perfidy of suppressing them. In such circumstances, it is far easier for me to suppose accident than fraud; I shall suppose it, in the present case, until facts compel me to judge otherwise; and I recommend the same charitable judgment to my friend Dr. Brooke.

Yours, faithfully, CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Newburyport, Mass, July 3, 1864.

THE ARKANSAS REPRESENTATIVES.—The Senate, as we stated last week, passed a resolve that the gentlemen lately chosen as Senators from the State of Arkansas were not entitled to seats. The Committee of the House, to which were referred the credentials of the gentlemen applying for seats as Representatives from Arkansas, reported a proposition to send a Commission to that and other States similarly situated to inquire into their condition and report whether they have succeeded in establishing such governments as to entitle them to representation in Congress. The House, however, laid the whole subject on the table—yeas 80, nays 47.

"PREJUDICE AT OBERLIN."

OBERLIN, June 28, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WILL you, in justice to the good people of Oberlin, give the enclosed article a place in the columns of your paper? Miss Jackson, as I think, makes a fair and truthful statement. Yours truly,

J. M. LANGSTON.

I NOTICED in *The Commonwealth* of May 27th an article in regard to Oberlin College. It may not be known to many persons that the prejudice therein spoken of exists only in *some* of the students, and those the less cultivated ones.

The unjust sentiment of prejudice ill accords with the high-toned and upright character of the Faculty and teachers of this institution.

A student here, whether he is white or black, is judged according to his character and scholarship, and not according to any extrinsic circumstances. With the members of the Faculty, as with all persons of culture, "the *mind* is the measure of the man." The colored as well as the white students are treated with uniform respect and kindness.

It is not strange that students who come here from other parts of the United States should bring their prejudice with them: nor is it strange that the moment they enter the purer atmosphere of Oberlin they do not immediately divest themselves of it.

Oberlin is not the pool of Bethesda for the sin of prejudice; though it comes nearer to it than any other place in the United States.

The Principal of the Young Men's Department is not only a man of liberal culture, but an earnest Christian. I do not mean by the term, Christian, one who has attained a high state of civilization; I mean one who is *Christ-like*.

The Principal, while he is strictly just to both parties, has always shown the most thoughtful kindness in regard to the colored students. He is ever ready to commend whatever he sees in them worthy of praise, and is always pleased when he has the opportunity to accord them any unusual honor.

If we are slighted, or if we receive a sly thrust—as we occasionally do, for human nature in Oberlin is about the same as human nature in New York, until it has taken a collegiate course, and not unfrequently it requires a theological to purify it entirely—whenever we are thus treated, we are always sure of the sympathy of these true friends, our teachers; and their sympathy is not a milk-and-water article, such as it degrades one to receive—it is genuine, it soothes, it revives, it makes one cognizant of the fact that there is an *upper* as well as a *lower* stratum of humanity.

Prejudice in Oberlin is preached against, prayed against, sung against and *lived* against, and were it any other than the mean and vile sentiment it is, such treatment would rid us entirely of its presence.

Four years ago I came to Oberlin a perfect stranger. I was made at home in the family of one of the Professors and treated with the most disinterested kindness. Without a single exception, it may be said of the Faculty and teachers of Oberlin College that they possess true Christian refinement of character.

They regard a colored man as a *man*, and do not consider that they are conferring a favor upon him by so doing.

Long before the public sentiment was as favorable as it now is to the colored man, Oberlin was his stanch friend and ally. Every sensible person must admit that a few exceptions do not invalidate a general rule. Oberlin College may still be considered as "the synonym of cordiality and good will to the black man."

When America washes her robes of her national sin, and stands before the world with clean hands and spotless garments, then, and not till then, may we expect to find Oberlin *entirely* free from prejudice.

Oberlin, June 24, 1864. FANNY M. JACKSON.

RIGHTS OF COLORED PEOPLE IN STREET CARS.—On the 29th ult. Police officer Tyler was arraigned before the Police Commissioners of this city upon the charge of committing an assault and breaking the police regulations in assisting a conductor to expel from one of the cars of the Eighth Avenue Railroad a colored woman named Anderson, the widow of a soldier who lately laid down his life in defending his country. The facts alleged in the complaint were clearly established by the testimony—indeed they were not denied. The conductor testified that he acted, as he supposed, in obedience to the instructions of the Superintendent, but he was unable to show any written or printed order—he *understood* the rule was that colored people should ride only in cars appropriated to their particular use. One of the directors testified that the Board had never made any such rule. The police officer, being called upon for a statement, said that he was stationed at the corner of the street; the conductor of the car came up and said there was a colored woman in the car, and asked me to remove her. I went in and asked her to remove, and said the next car was for colored people; she asked who rode in that car; I said, white people; she then said, "I am as good as any white people"; the conductor then came up and said he must go on; I put my hand upon her, and she took hold of the straps; I asked the conductor to assist me, and we took her out. I had no orders except from the conductor. Mr. Whitehead, the counsel for the complainant, said his object was only to test the right of the police to interfere in these matters. They had no vindictive feeling against the officer, who, he dare say, imagined he was doing his duty; but similar cases had been before the Court before, and were always decided in favor of the colored appellants, and they simply wanted such a punishment inflicted as the Board would deem necessary to prevent the recurrence of such scandals. He appeared there for a number of gentlemen whose feelings had often been much shocked by these *fracases* in the street cars, sometimes at the very moment the colored regiments were marching down the streets on their way to the war. Police Commissioner Acton said he was very sorry such a good officer as the defendant had got himself into such a scrape. It was his duty to preserve the peace, and there was no breach of the peace until he broke it. It was rather his duty to have arrested the conductor than the woman, if he was breaking the peace. He didn't care what he supposed; he ought to exhibit some common sense in these matters. There was no law against these people riding in the cars, and they had no right to make such a law, nor was there any order requiring policemen to do the dirty work of these conductors.

The final disposal of the case was then left for the full Board to pass such sentence as they may deem necessary.

The following order of the Superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Railroad was issued on Tuesday evening. This leaves the Sixth avenue the only railroad in the city on which the discrimination between white and black passengers is observed:

OFFICE OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE R. R., June 28, 1864.
Hereafter, colored people are allowed to ride in all cars (both large and small) of this Company.
C. A. MAY, Supt. Eighth Avenue Railroad Co.

THE *Principia* publishes the resolutions adopted at the Fremont Ratification meeting in this city, at the same time carefully concealing from its readers the speeches made on the occasion, and the incidents which revealed the spirit and character of the meeting and the purposes of the men who engineered it! Is this honest or manly? Is *The Principia* afraid or ashamed to let its readers see what was said in that meeting by the chosen expounders of the Cleveland platform, Brownson, Claiborne and Cochrane? And why does it so carefully suppress the fact that the name of its senior Editor figured among the officers of a meeting in which the "Radical Democratic" candidate for Vice-President declared that McClellan and Fremont were "twin cherries on one stem"? Are the cherries too sour for *The Principia's* digestion? Why, then, does it not manfully say so, and throw them away? Why this paltering, hesitating, half-way course in regard to the Cleveland movement? Why is not the name of John Cochrane put at the head of the column under that of Fremont? Does *The Principia* intend to support only half the ticket? Is "the only righteous political party in the land"—the party which was to eschew expediency and thereby draw all honest men into its ranks—to have only a cold, shuddering, shame-faced support from our neighbor?

THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU bill, in consequence of various disagreements between the Senate and House, was not passed. We regret this, believing that such a Bureau is almost indispensable to the proper care of the interests of the Freedmen.

MRS. GAGE IN NATCHEZ.

NATCHEZ, Miss., June 12, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AM I dreaming, or is it a plain, sober reality that I sit in a chamber of the old "Jefferson Hotel," of secesh notoriety, in the beautiful, wealthy, aristocratic, crime-cursed city of Natchez, with the rustle of the china trees in my ears, and the balmy airs catching fragrance, as they sweep over hill and dale, from rich magnolia blooms, and delicate odors of the wild rose and cape jessamine regaling my senses? Again and again I ask myself the question, and somehow the answer will come, "Reality—yes, sober reality"; and I have only to look down beneath my portfolio and the table that supports it for a confirmation of this answer, which is given in such a tangible way as to remove all doubt.

Here I sit writing on a table—of marble, taken from some ancient family, earned by the sweat and toil of slaves?—was that the question my subtle ears heard you asking? Not at all, but on the contrary, on a table made, top and legs, sides and braces, of a box, bearing upon one of its misshapen standons, the unmistakable brand of "St. Louis, Mo.," and on another indications of the "Sanitary Commission." Better than marble, sweeter than the richest of scented woods, and more glorious in the sight of angels, are these rude boards, so rudely framed, upon which the fair-haired daughters of the North eat the soldiers' rations, guaranteed to them by the government for their labors of love and holy charity, dealt out day by day to the freedmen, who gather round them to learn their first lesson of that Gospel which has stricken the shackles from their limbs and lifted them up to the stature of manhood before their once boastful masters and tyrants.

But here I am going off on a tilt about a board table, while over there, across the street, stand more human evidences of this great truth which swells my bosom so with happy heart-throbs. One dozen men and women, going in opposite directions, have met. Every face is swarth, or black—every one three years ago bore the impress of slavery. Now they look up in the face of this beautiful summer sky, and "Free" seems printed on every line and angle of their joyful countenances. Well-dressed, laughing, singing, merrily they go, only to be followed by other dozens. Ha! Six stalwart men in soldier blue, who are they? Pickets, going to duty—pickets in Natchez, black—black as storm-clouds in August—marching along to their post, to guard this old Babylon of slave-dealers, baby-sellers and women-whippers against the fiery raids of guerilla rebels.

See that splendid barouche as it rolls by with its burden of four fair damsels in bright organdies. Will sits on the box and handles the reins as cleverly as of old, lifts his hat as deferentially "to the young ladies." But he goes to school each day, and hires himself by the month and board thrown in *now*. (We can afford to eat from tables made of sanitary-goods boxes, can we not? can afford to live on salt pork and hard-tack for years to come if need be, for we Abolitionists have food to eat in these days that the world at large wots not of.)

Natchez is truly a beautiful city, and perhaps no one of its size in all the Confederate States has suffered less by the actual casualties of war. Within a few weeks, however, it has been victimized by fierce fires, burning the houses of Northern business men, undoubtedly the work of incendiaries, to show their spite and malice to the Union.

In and about the city the old inhabitants, most of them, still reside in their own family mansions, professing unionism in some instances, but acting secession with skill and power.

The friends of freedmen, of the Christian Commission, and others from the North who are here in great force, doing works of charity, live as best they can, while the arrogant Southerners drive through the shaded street with the air of Upper-ten-dom, spurning with infinite hauteur our Northern girls, making faces at them, and sometimes lifting the skirts of their garments lest they shall be polluted. It is more than whispered that they have smiles and graces in profusion for shoulder-straps, and the wealthiest have been heard to boast that they had bought up every officer of the post yet placed here, and would continue so to do, for every one had his price, though it took more to buy some than others; and events have given some color of truth to these reports.

The weather is exceedingly warm, and the people are already regaling themselves on Summer vegetables and fruits, among which a luscious plum just now takes precedence. Blackberries are coming in, and the figs will soon take their place upon the table.

The magnolia and crape myrtle are in their glory; the Summer rains are continual, and the earth is saturated. The old negroes shake their heads and prophesy sickness. As yet the hospitals are in a tolerable state of health for the season.

The city is mainly under the protection of colored troops. Two regiments only of white men left to guard the place. The fortifications look imposing. There is a great deal of excitement in regard to the navigation of the Mississippi, which is rendered dangerous by guerillas. Almost every upward bound boat is fired into. Gunboats seem to afford little protection, as the river is so low that to lift their guns to an altitude above the banks (the rebels choosing high bluffs and narrow passes of the river for their stand-points), they fire entirely over the heads of their enemies.

The rebels pretend to have received news by way of Mobile of the defeat of Grant, and the taking of thirty thousand Union prisoners. We shall not believe this till compelled to do so.

June 13th.—I have been here but two days, and it has rained nearly all the time. Yesterday (Sabbath) there was a great gathering of the colored people to witness a baptismal ceremony in the waters of the Mississippi. It was a sight to see, hundreds of them, of the very aristocracy of color of the city of Natchez—and let me tell you color has its aristocracy (and an indomitable one, too)—and such an array of fine dresses does not often fall under the eye on such occasion—lawns, laces, organdies, silks, grenadines—in fact in a common country town at the North you could not find such a show—not untasteful either. The Sabbath-school children were well, not to say handsomely, dressed, but these are they who were the free blacks before the war, or those who belonged to the millionaires and still retain their places, and are paid wages, and are yet the recipients of mistress's cast-off finery. Several of the free blacks of Natchez were men of property and own slaves. *They are all secessionists!* Ar'n't the black people human?

I shall go, as soon as I am well enough, to visit the camps and Kraals (as here called) where the hundreds of the poor refugees are wearing away the tedious days of probation between the barbarous slavery of Mississippi and the semi-barbarism which war imposes. When my eyes have seen, my pen shall write. Till then, to the friends of freedom, I am, as ever,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

THE STANDARD'S POSITION DEFINED.—We accept, as expressing our own idea of the position which THE STANDARD should occupy at the present crisis, the following extract of a letter from a watchful, bold and clear-sighted friend of the cause, whose name, if we were at liberty to mention it, would add weight to his opinion: "Let THE STANDARD hold on in *the old way*—commending what is commendable everywhere, criticizing sharply and boldly every pro-slavery act and man, right and left, attaching itself to no political party, but faithfully exposing the errors of all, and among them that gross offence of the new Cleveland party in using the name and cloak of Anti-Slavery to obtain a repute with the loyal, while it is indirectly, and through its irresponsible agents, courting the alliance of the disloyal, the *pro-slavery*, the enemies of our cause and the unprincipled friends of the slaveholders and secessionists. For one, I do not wish to avoid a rupture *by any suppression of the truth, or withholding of our honest convictions.* I only (and very strongly) hope that speaking these, it may be the high motive of regard for anti-slavery principles, which actuates and inspires us, and not a zeal for any man or party."

THE RESIGNATION OF SALMON P. CHASE took the country by surprise, and is, we believe, generally regretted by those most earnest in the work of putting down the rebellion. He has administered the Treasury Department with distinguished ability, and his influence in the Cabinet was unquestionably exerted in behalf of an earnest anti-slavery policy. Mr. Fessenden, his successor, has the confidence of the country in an eminent degree. In the early days of the war, and indeed until a recent period, he was somewhat "conservative" in his notions on some points, but we believe his anti-slavery convictions and purposes are now as high and strong as those of his predecessor.

Our Washington Correspond

WASHINGTON, July 3
THE change in the Cabinet is of course the pro
topic of conversation here. For the time bei
army and the price of gold are forgotten, and
talk only of the resignation of Mr. Chase, and
successor.
Among fair-minded men it seems to me there
no difference of opinion respecting the quarrel be
the President and his Secretary which led to th
ture. Mr. Chase may or may not have been foo
tendering his resignation, but he certainly ought
permitted to select his most important subordin
his department. The office of Sub-Treasurer is
York is one of the most important within the g
the Secretary. It requires a man of eminent bu
qualifications and of unimpeachable integrity
President, as I understand it, was desirous of gr
ing Senator Morgan by appointing a New York R
lican politician. Mr. Chase insisted upon his ri
fill the place with an honest business man. N
would recede an inch. Mr. Chase insisted upon
pointment (of M. B. Field, one of the Assistant S
taries here), but Mr. Lincoln would not send it in
far as I can learn, on Wednesday Mr. Chase ten
his resignation, not knowing whether it would b
cepted or not. The President, doubtless egged
Mr. Blair, concluded to accept the resignation, and
an end to the feud which has so long been ex
in the Cabinet. So the Blairs have triumphed
when they least expected it. Mr. Chase is out
Cabinet, and Montgomery Blair is *in*. It will
be remembered by some of my readers that I p
ed, some time ago, that the only man in the C
certain of a renomination next March was Mr.
There are rumors now that Mr. Blair will soon
but I cannot credit them.
Mr. Lincoln's quiet courage is wonderful.
Convention gave him a significant hint in referen
Mexico, and in his letter of acceptance he sa
shall stand by Mr. Seward's foreign policy, and
you to understand that." The Convention signi
him that Mr. Blair ought to leave the Cabinet—
Lincoln gets rid of Mr. Chase! His courage
my admiration, and I confess to amusement in
ing the movements of the officeholders. They sw
everything offered to them in the most docile fa
I have far more respect for Mr. Lincoln than for
—far more for Mr. Lincoln than the Convention.
It seems sad to think that the greatest man conn
with the Administration is out of office. I su
that Mr. Chase retires to private life. It has bee
gested that he will make a European trip the c
Summer and Autumn. He can have no expecta
public life for the present, unless the Preside
generous enough to send him to the French Co
Ambassador. This would be fitting, but Mr. Day
in the way, and it is doubtful whether the Presi
in the humor for any such gift. For months th
ing between him and Mr. Chase has been anythi
pleasant. Those who know Mr. Chase intima
aware that his manners are not always the softe
is unyielding, or, as some people would say, ob
Mr. Lincoln is a different style of a man altogeth
quite as obstinate in his way. It is not surprisi
two such men have been forced to part. It is
me at least. It is surprising that Mr. Chase coul
remained after the President in a manner i
Frank Blair's attacks upon him. Now we shal
what we shall see.
Congress has finished its work, and the Pres
left to manage the public affairs without interf
A more cordial feeling has existed this session b
the President and Congress than that which o
last Winter, but a large number of the Rep
members are still opposed to a portion of his
The great quarrel is over Montgomery Blair
gress has literally kicked Gen. Blair from his
the House. The House voted him out of his se
passed a resolution declaring that he never h
right to take his seat, because he was a Major-
in the army. The Senate followed suit with a
tion having reference to the same subject. T
solutions grew out of the anti-Blair feeling to
extent, and the President certainly is not so b
not to perceive that a large portion of his sup
are offended at his apparent friendship for the
I hardly know a Republican in the House w
friend to Gen. Blair, and *Postmaster-General* B
few friends either in the House or Senate. It is
ing that the President does not comprehend the
but he sticks very closely to a friend. If a ma
succeeds in attaching Mr. Lincoln to him or his
ests, he may be sure that no ordinary event wi
him from a friend into an enemy. Mr. Linco
Mr. Chase never were warm friends. Neither
Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, but Mr. Seward is a
tier, a diplomatist, which Mr. Chase is not. Bu
and Lincoln have been warmly attached friend
with Lincoln and Stanton. Mr. Welles, I believ
never attached to anybody, though his course ha
upright. Like Mr. Chase, he is cold in tempera
but rigidly honest.
It is asserted by many politicians here that aft
fourth of next March not a man now in the Cab
unless it be Mr. Fessenden—will be retained.
country would gladly accept this solution o
difficulty.
The military bill, which has finally passed
branches of Congress, is a very fair bill upo
whole. It abolishes commutation, but there are
humane provisions, which will in nearly all the
prevent a draft. Fifty days are given for volun
after a call is made, and liberal government bo
are given. The draft is but for one year. Unde
circumstances it seems to me that no one can co
of the draft. With proper exertion in every
there need be no draft, and if there are cases w
persons cannot possibly leave family or busine
enter the service, the War Department permits
persons to secure exemption *in advance* by pu
substitutes. Nothing could be fairer than this.
We shall doubtless have a call for three hu
thousand troops at once, and by the first day of
tember it should be filled, and I believe it will be.
A

THE CONGRESS adjourned on Monday, at 12
In the House the closing exercise was the rea
the Declaration of Independence. On motion
Washburne of Illinois the following resolution, aft
eloquent speech by the mover, was adopted:
Resolved, That before the adjournment of the
sent session of Congress on this day, the eighty-e
anniversary of our National Independence, it is
ing and proper for the representatives of the pe
renew to our officers, soldiers, and seamen engag
the present struggle for the suppression of the re
lion against our government, our profound and he
felt thanks for their services, and our sympa
their sufferings, and to congratulate them on their
cesses and their triumphs, and to express the hope
speedy termination of the contest, and their return
the peaceful pursuits of life.
Speaker Colfax, in the following terms, declared
session adjourned:
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, the h
of adjournment has arrived, and I wish you one a
a happy reunion with family and friends in the cha
home circle. Thanking you for the kind and gene
manner in which you have sustained me in the adm
istration of the difficult and responsible duties of
chair, and hoping and trusting, when we reassemb
these Halls next December, Providence may have
crowned the endeavors of our heroic defenders
field that we may be permitted to rejoice over the
realization of the prayer of so many millions
constituents, "God save the American Republic
now, in accordance with the concurrent resolution
both Houses, declare the first session of the H
Representatives of the XXXVIIIth Congress of
United States adjourned *sine die*.

A MEETING OF WORKINGMEN was held at Bol
(Eng.), June 2d, for the purpose of hearing addre
from a deputation of the Manchester Union and Em
cipation Society on the Causes and Aims of the So
ern Rebellion. The meeting was numerously atten
and seemed to have been organized as a counter dem
stration to several Southern meetings previously
in the same place. Messrs. J. H. Estcourt and J.
Cooper (the deputation aforesaid) spoke at some len
and with good effect, though often interrupted
friends of the South; and the meeting, by a large
jority, adopted the following resolution: "That
meeting, having heard the aims and objects of
Southern rebellion in the United States of America
believing slavery to be the sole and only cause, her
expresses its disapproval of any recognition of the
Southern States by her Majesty's government."

The *Principia* closes a pitiably weak chapter of special pleading in regard to what it calls "Misrepresentations and Mistakes respecting the Cleveland Convention" with a paragraph in which it affects to repel our charge that that Convention, in declaring that "the Constitution and laws of the United States must be observed and obeyed," pledged itself to the support of the Fugitive Slave law. That the resolution, according to its terms, pledged the Convention to the support of *all* the laws of the United States, and that the Fugitive Slave law was, at the time, one of those laws, is not and cannot be denied; but the editor, who has heretofore scouted the idea that the *intentions* of the framers of a public document have anything to do in settling the meaning thereof, now pleads the intentions of those who made the Cleveland platform as a legitimate warrant for denying that they meant what they said! "There is no reason," we are told, "to suppose that a single member of the Convention *intended* any declaration of the character imputed to it, or dreamed that any such construction would or could be put upon it." That Mr. Goodell and his immediate friends had no intention to commit themselves to the support of the Fugitive Slave law is to be presumed, of course; but that that cunning wire-puller, John Cochrane, and his Democratic associates in the management of the Convention, were free from such an intention, is by no means so clear. The resolution is a flat plagiarism from the "Bell-Everett" party of 1860, in whose mouths it meant *only* the Fugitive Slave law; and we do not see why it was adopted at Cleveland at all, unless it was intended as an affirmation of something disputed. The Fugitive Slave law is the only law of the United States whose binding force is disputed at the North, and if the resolution was not meant to rebuke the violators of that law, and thereby to improve the chances of Gen. Fremont at Chicago, why was it passed? In view of the peculiar composition of the Cleveland Convention, made up as it was in part of Radical Abolitionists and in part of Democrats of the Cochrane stamp, and in view also of its high professions, we deem it incumbent on us to look very closely into its proceedings, and to hold it responsible for its words *according to their natural import*. If Mr. Goodell and others were caught napping by their Democratic allies, it is their fault, not ours.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.—The following resolution (introduced in the Senate by Mr. Harlan of Iowa) was adopted by the two Houses of Congress:

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be requested to appoint a day for humiliation and prayer by the people of the United States; that he request his constitutional advisers at the head of the Executive Departments to unite with him, as the Chief Magistrate of the nation, at the City of Washington, and the Members of Congress, and all magistrates, all civil, military, and naval officers, all soldiers, sailors, and marines, with all loyal and law-abiding people, to convene at their usual places of worship, or wherever they may be, to confess and to repent of their manifold sins, to implore the compassion and forgiveness of the Almighty, that if consistent with His will the existing rebellion may be speedily suppressed, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States may be established throughout all the States; to implore Him, as the Supreme Ruler, not to destroy us as a people, nor to suffer us to be destroyed by the hostility or connivance of other nations, or by obstinate adhesion to our own counsels, which may be in conflict with His eternal purposes; and to implore Him to enlighten the mind of the nation to know and do His will, humbly believing that it is in accordance with His will that our place should be maintained as a united people among the family of nations; to implore Him to grant to our armed defenders and the masses of the people that courage, power of resistance, and endurance necessary to secure that result; to implore Him, in his infinite goodness, to soften the hearts, enlighten the minds, and quicken the consciences of those in rebellion, that they may lay down their arms and speedily return to the allegiance of the United States, that they may not be utterly destroyed, that the effusion of blood may be stayed, and that unity and fraternity may be restored, and peace established throughout all our borders.

The President, we presume, will promptly respond to this request.

THE DEMOCRATIC "HOLLER."—In the hurry of writing last week we omitted a point, too good to be lost, in the speech of Mr. Claiborne of Missouri, at the Fremont Ratification meeting. He told his auditors, it will be remembered, that he was a Democrat and a delegate to the Chicago Convention. He said he had made a rapid journey from Missouri, losing his sleep for several nights, in order to attend this meeting, and *to feel the pulse of the Democratic masses in New York*. "I know," said he, "that I have the Democracy here before me; I have attended Democratic meetings all my life, and *I know a Democratic 'holler' when I hear it*. You can't cheat me." This remark was followed by cheers and yells worthy of old Tammany herself! Mr. Claiborne was right; the meeting *was* composed chiefly of Democrats, and its *spirit* was Democratic, using that word in its worst sense. The Abolitionists present were few, and they were there, not as participants, but as mortified and indignant spectators.

FIFTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS.—This regiment, in all probability, will see no active service for the remainder of the season, stationed, as it is, in its old position on Folly Island. The want of reading matter is already sensibly felt, and those who have any to spare would be conferring a philanthropic favor by directing it to this quarter. All school-books will be in order, and, not less, magazines, periodicals of various sorts, and a wide range of literature in general. There are many minds to be fed, and the more diverse the contributions the greater the likelihood of their giving universal satisfaction. These may be sent to the address of R. P. HALLOWELL, at 98 Federal st., Boston; 35 Broadway, New York; or 912 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

GEN. GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.—In commenting upon the possibility of Gen. Grant, in a certain contingency, accepting a nomination for the Presidency, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* says:

"We know from perfectly reliable sources that Gen. Grant has peremptorily refused, in advance, any offer of the Presidency. He replied to those who were seeking to learn his views on the subject, that while the war lasted no earthly inducement could take him voluntarily from his present position, and that even should the war come to a speedy conclusion he would be the most ungrateful of men to run against Mr. Lincoln. This declaration comes to us through the most trustworthy sources, and affords us conclusive proof that Gen. Grant has fully decided not to enter the political arena. And those who know him, know that he is not apt to waver when he has made up his mind one way or the other."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents*. On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Thompson's health has improved somewhat of late. On Wednesday evening of this week he was to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the families of colored soldiers, in the Rev. Mr. Grimes's Church in Boston. On the 13th inst. he will deliver an address at Commencement, at Amherst College. On the 15th he will speak at Northampton, and on the 17th at Florence. On the 19th he will deliver an address at the Commencement of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Ct. This will end his public engagements for the present. He will afterwards, probably, either go to the White Mountains, or pay a quiet visit to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

TESTIMONY OF COLORED PERSONS IN U. S. COURTS.—The House concurred (yeas 67, nays 54) in the Senate's amendment to the Civil appropriation bill, providing that there shall be no exclusion of witnesses on account of color in the U. S. Courts, and it is now the law. Thus, step by step, is the nation advancing in practice toward a full recognition of the doctrine of human equality.

THE PRESIDENT has signed the bills abolishing the Fugitive Slave laws and the law regulating the Coastwise slave trade, and admitting colored people to be witnesses in U. S. Courts. Indeed he is said to have signed every bill passed by Congress, except that providing republican governments for States overthrown or usurped by rebellion.

THE PENSION ACT has been so amended as to extend its benefits to the wives and children of colored soldiers, without further proof of marriage than the fact that the parties have lived together for two years.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

MARTIAL LAW IN KENTUCKY.

The President has been compelled to lay a strong hand on the sympathizers with rebellion in Kentucky. He has put the State under martial law. We publish the more important portion of his proclamation:

Whereas, many citizens of the State of Kentucky have joined the forces of the insurgents, have on several occasions entered the said State of Kentucky in large force, and not without aid and comfort furnished by disaffected and disloyal citizens of the United States residing therein, have not only greatly disturbed the public peace, but have overborne the civil authorities and made flagrant civil war, destroying property and life in various parts of that State, and

Whereas, it has been made known to the President of the United States, by the officers commanding the national armies, that combinations have been formed in the said State of Kentucky, with a purpose of inciting the rebel forces to renew the said operations of civil war within the said State, and thereby to embarrass the United States armies now operating in the said States of Virginia and Georgia, and even to endanger their safety.

Now therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws, do hereby declare that, in my judgment, the public safety especially requires that the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, so proclaimed in the said proclamation of the 15th of September, 1863, be made effectual, and be duly enforced in and throughout the said State of Kentucky, and that martial law be for the present declared therein. I do, therefore, hereby require of the military officers in the said State that the privilege of the *habeas corpus* be effectually suspended within the said State, according to the aforesaid proclamation, and that martial law be established therein, to take effect from the date of this proclamation, the said suspension and establishment of martial law to continue until this proclamation shall be revoked or modified, but not beyond the period when the said rebellion shall have been suppressed or come to an end. And I do hereby require and command as well as military officers all civil officers and authorities existing or found within the said State of Kentucky to take notice of this proclamation and to give full effect to the same. The martial laws herein proclaimed, and the things in that respect herein ordered will not be deemed or taken to interfere with the holding of lawful elections or with the proceedings of the Constitutional Legislature of Kentucky, or with the administration of justice in the courts of law existing therein between citizens of the United States in suits or proceedings which do not affect the military operations or the constituted authorities of the government of the United States.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 5th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1864, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

SINKING OF THE PIRATE SHIP ALABAMA.

The rebel pirate ship Alabama, which had burned upwards of sixty American merchant vessels with their cargoes, has gone at last to the bottom of the sea! She arrived, not long since, at Cherbourg, on the Northern coast of France, with the intention of stopping there for repairs. Owing to the remonstrances of Mr. Dayton, American Minister at Paris, she was, after some delay, ordered to leave the port. Mr. Dayton, meanwhile, had telegraphed to Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, then lying in one of the ports of Holland, to repair to Cherbourg and catch the pirate if possible. Capt. Winslow obeyed the summons at once. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Semmes, after the thing had gone through the 'circumlocution office,' received a notice from the Maritime Prefect to leave as soon as he had provisioned and coaled, and not to wait for repairs, as he had expected to do. As soon as this order was sent to Semmes, Mr. Dayton sent his son, Mr. William Dayton, Jr., with instructions to Captain Winslow to make preparations for a fight, for that Semmes had been ordered out and would be obliged to go.

"Capt. Semmes, finding that he had no alternative, determined to put the best face on the matter, and to make as much capital for himself as possible. He therefore wrote a letter to the Maritime Prefect, requesting him to inform Capt. Winslow that he considered the latter's conduct in pretending to lie off and blockade him in a neutral port as an insult (!) and that he intended to come out and drive him off. Winslow replied, 'Let him come out and try it.' Both parties made their preparations accordingly. Semmes, whose business it was to run and not to fight, was so badgered and worried by the taunts of our side, by the pats on the back of his friends and sympathizers, and by the restrictions of the French authorities, that a less brave man than he would have been driven by desperation to fight; and Capt. Winslow, who properly estimated all these circumstances, felt perfectly sure that Semmes was going to fight. Semmes left all his valuables in the hands of the Brazilian Consular agent on shore, and after inviting his friends to come out and see the fight, went to sea."

The fight took place on Sunday, June 19. William Dayton, Jr., son of the American Minister, and Antoine, the well-known messenger of the American Legation, were on the Kearsarge and witnessed the contest. Says the correspondent of *The Times*:

"According to Mr. Dayton, Jr.'s account, the action lasted about an hour and a half. The Kearsarge, although hit in several places, received no vital shot. The Kearsarge had but three men touched, and these not mortally. Toward the end of the fight, Captain Winslow succeeded in planting a shot in the machinery of the Alabama, which disabled her; he then had things all his own way, and running close to her he poured into her a destructive converging broadside, which tore through a whole section of the Alabama's side at the water-line, and let the water through in cascades. Both ships then stopped firing, and the Alabama, without striking her flag, started toward Cherbourg, but Capt. Winslow, hoisting his flag of victory, started to head her off. He saw, however, that the Alabama was filling, and at once lowered two boats to go to her aid, and, in effect, the vessel sank before she had proceeded a dozen lengths toward the harbor. The Kearsarge's boats picked up sixty-eight persons, of whom fourteen were wounded, and of whom three died. The others were picked up by the English yacht, Capt. Lancaster, and landed at Southampton. The Kearsarge steamed at once into the port of Cherbourg with her prisoners.

"And now here arise two important questions. One relates to the prisoners brought into Cherbourg, and the other to those carried into Southampton. The prisoners brought into Cherbourg, many of whom are Frenchmen, demanded to be paroled, and Capt. Winslow, who was crowded for room, also desired to know of the American Minister if he could not parole them. Mr. Dayton telegraphed to his son and to Capt. Winslow that the prisoners could not be paroled, and that they must be held till the St. Louis arrived, and then conveyed to the United States.

"In regard to Capt. Semmes and the other prisoners carried into Southampton, Capt. Winslow claims them as his prisoners, and Mr. Dayton has advised Mr. Adams to demand their rendition. Capt. Winslow had ample time and means to pick up all the officers and men of the Alabama, but the boats of the English yacht ran in and actually stole them away, as if acting upon a prearranged plan, thus constituting it a clear case of intervention. Capt. Semmes and party did not therefore *escape*. They were stolen away by a party who was indirectly interfering in the fight. There was no wish on the part of Capt. Winslow to see Capt. Semmes drowned. On the contrary he would have soon taken up Semmes's boat load himself.

"Here let me place a reflection. Is it not strange that at her birth and her death, and all through the course of her short existence, whenever the Alabama needed help there was always an Englishman there to render it? She was constructed by Englishmen in an English port; she was taken to sea, armed, equipped and started on her career of pillage and devastation by Englishmen; she was fed, barbored, petted and protected in English ports; and finally, when she arrives at the last tragic scene in her destructive existence, there steps in an Englishman to steal away her Captain and officers."

FROM GEN. GRANT.

The latest intelligence from before Petersburg is to the effect that Gen. Grant's preparations for important work are nearly complete. But a few days will elapse before a storm, such as the enemy has not yet felt, will be precipitated upon him.

Gen. Wilson's raid is regarded as a grand success. He has rejoined the main army around Petersburg, having got within the Union lines on Friday night. Instead of attempting to force his way through the strong column of rebel infantry posted at Reams's Station, Gen. Wilson determined to make his way back by a long detour—passing by a point twenty-five miles south of Reams's, where he crossed the Blackwater. His total loss during the entire raid—including the casualties in Kautz's division—being from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand men. Sixty miles of railroad were thoroughly destroyed during the expedition—so destroyed that it would take at least forty days to repair them. Wilson brought back with him about four hundred negroes and a large number of the horses he had captured. His loss is a small wagon train used to carry ammunition—besides his ambulance train and twelve cannon. His artillery horses were nearly all saved.

REBEL RAID NORTHWARD.

The rebels are again invading Maryland, doubtless in the hope of diverting Grant from his assault on Richmond. On Tuesday afternoon the rebels were reported to have crossed the Potomac, and were making preparations to assault the position of our forces on Maryland Heights. Gen. Sigel is reported to have fallen back from Sheppardstown to the Heights, and to be preparing for a vigorous defence. Various rumors come to us of the presence of rebel forces at Williamsport, Falling Waters, Hagerstown, etc., but none of them are confirmed. All the rebel forces positively known to be any distance north of the Potomac are a small body of cavalry on a thieving expedition. The strength of the rebel force on this raid is estimated by those best informed at 2,500 cavalry, under Gen. Ransom, and 5,000 infantry, under Gen. Early. The Governors of Pennsylvania and New York have been called upon for aid to repel the invasion.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom*."—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

IMPRESSMENT OF NEGROES.

From The Cambridge (Md.) Intelligencer, May 14.

The feelings of our loyal people have been greatly wounded by the conduct of some of the recruiting officers of colored troops. Last week Capt. Butler and Lieut. Foster visited this County, with the government steamer Baloon, and engaged in a wholesale impressment of our colored people, without regard to age, ability, bond or free. Slaves and freemen were taken in the most peremptory manner against their will, and under the most aggravating circumstances. Some were taken from the field and forced from the plow-handle, leaving their horse and plow standing in the half-turned furrow. Some were taken from their carts on the road. One man was taken from his sick wife and seven children, and not granted the privilege of saying good-bye to them.

Many cases of hardship and suffering might be mentioned of men with large and dependent families being forced into the United States service, but that is not the point which we wish to make. The great hardship of the proceeding is that any colored man should be taken by force against his will and thrust into the army. It is right that they should have the privilege of volunteering, and they ought to be enrolled and required to stand their draft. These things we have all along advocated. And these things our colored people have cheerfully and manfully borne. We cannot, therefore, consent that they shall be oppressed with a system of impressment which has no authority in law, and does not bear alike upon the white and black, the bond and free. The negroes have their rights as well as the white people, and should be protected in them. The fact that they are a defenceless and helpless people only makes the obligation stronger upon us to protect them. In this matter we make no complaint of any outrage upon the rights of the slaveholders. Unlike the traitors and Copperhead Unionists, we do not see that any right of the slaveholder has been infringed. His right is only one of property, and this right the government satisfies by the payment of three hundred dollars, if he is loyal. It is the rights of the free and slave negroes themselves for which we plead.

We are happy to learn that, upon a representation of the facts being made to Col. Bowman, he immediately released the parties and sent them to their homes, and gave assurance that such deeds should not be repeated by any of his officers. This is just as we expected. We were confident that the government would be acquitted of any responsibility in the matter, and it would be proved to be the unauthorized acts of these subordinate officers themselves. This termination of the matter will, no doubt, make some of our Union men ashamed of their indiscreet utterances against the government.

CONFEDERATE TREATMENT OF COLORED TROOPS.

It is said the rebels in Arkansas, during the recent battles with Steele, treated their negro prisoners quite differently from their associates on the east bank of the river, dressing their wounds and sending them in to our camp for exchange. This may be owing to a superior humanity pervading the breasts of the Western rebels, although more probably attributable to prudential considerations. It is said that in the recent retreat of Steele none but wounded negro prisoners were taken, notwithstanding on several occasions small bodies of colored troops were thrown out, almost as baits to rebel voracity. On one occasion a regiment of them, sent out several miles from camp on a foraging expedition, was surrounded by five or six times their number, but instead of surrendering as white troops would have probably felt justified in doing under the circumstances, they went in with the battle-cry of "Remember Fort Pillow," and cut their way out. In this operation they lost half their number, but inflicted a bloody retribution upon the enemy.

With such a proof before their eyes that negroes will fight, it is perhaps natural enough that the Confederates should come to the conclusion that it will be safer for themselves to have the negroes understand that there is more security in surrendering than fighting. There is nothing like a musket to make either negro or white man respected.

We can conceive of no greater mistake than that committed by the Confederates in their atrocities upon black soldiers. One effect has been to make the negroes more efficient enemies than they otherwise would have been; and another is to deprive the Confederacy of all the sympathy it has enjoyed in foreign parts. The people of Europe have beyond all question been highly favorable to the rebellion, but it has been under the impression, industriously disseminated by Confederate agents, that the North was really no more anti-slavery than the South. But the events of Fort Pillow, Plymouth, etc., will serve to disabuse the foreign mind wholly of any such belief. The policy of massacreing negro troops will be found by the Confederates to be ruinous—suicidal.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

MEMORY OF FORT PILLOW.

A cotton speculator named B. W. Wooster was hanged by our colored troops at Haines's Bluff, Mississippi, on the 24th of April, under circumstances which are thus officially reported by the officers of the 3d United States Colored Cavalry Regiment:

"Mr. B. W. Wooster made the statement to Maj. J. R. Cook, 3d United States Cavalry (colored), that he (B. W. Wooster) considered that the rebel Gen. Forrest was perfectly justified in massacreing the brave colored garrison at Fort Pillow, Tennessee, on his capture of that place. He (B. W. Wooster) made the statements to colored soldiers of 3d United States Cavalry (colored), that the rebels were right in killing them when captured, alluding to Fort Pillow, Tennessee, and the murder of men belonging to the regiment at Roache's plantation, Mississippi.

"Said B. W. Wooster drew his knife on a colored soldier, Amos Hurd, Company K, 3d United States Cavalry (colored), while said soldier was on guard duty, and threatened to cut his throat.

"The said B. W. Wooster was, at the time, engaged in purchasing cotton and other speculations, under the protection of a brigade of colored soldiers, while in an enemy's country, on an expedition towards Yazoo City, Mississippi.

"He was arrested by order of Col. E. D. Osband, commanding the regiment. During the absence of Col. Osband at brigade headquarters, the officers of the regiment met, and, having dispassionately heard the testimony in the case, decided that he should be hung, and did hang him."

THE FEELING IN KENTUCKY.

We have among the latest news from Kentucky the following sample of slave-mongering loyalty:

Seventeen black men presented themselves for enlistment in the army of the United States, according to the invitation of its authorities, at Lebanon, on Tuesday last—the day of the first great battle of Spotsylvania in Virginia.

Certain persons there took them into a room, for the alleged purpose of paying them bounties. Having got them in their power, they stripped the black fellows and administered to each of them *one hundred lashes*; and then turned them loose.

This we suppose to be an average specimen of a certain sort of Kentucky feeling. It is the freedom for which they are fighting—freedom to whip black men. Now those men who administered those lashes may very likely claim to be loyal men, and for aught we know are connected with the United States army. But if so, they are fighting on the wrong side. All that sort of loyalty belongs to Jeff Davis. If we cannot conquer the rebellion without the help of such scoundrels as these, we shall gain but little in overcoming it with them—at least, if we only carry our conquest to the end of their desires.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A COLORED WOMAN OWNING SLAVES.

A correspondent with the Banks Expedition writes as follows:

Near Clarksville, in Natchitoches parish, several of our officers halted at a plantation owned by a full-blooded negro woman, about forty-five years old, whom lighter colored negroes salute as their mistress, to gratify a curiosity which prompted us all to look upon and converse with a negro slaveholder. Groups of slave women and children were around her door, gazing at the Yankees and chatting familiarly with those inclined to converse with them. One of these negro women was asked where her husband was, "Gone wid de Yankees," was the reply. "Are you not sorry that your husband has gone?" To this she rejoined, "No, massa, me bery glad he tink so much of the white man as to fight for him." Her self-satisfaction that her John was going to fight for the white man provoked a peal of laughter, it was so contrary to the theory of many others that the white men were fighting for the nigger.

It was intimated to her that possibly she might desire to get rid of John, so that she could take another husband; but this idea she scouted indignantly, because they were both "Gospel niggers." Being asked to what church she belonged, she replied, to the Baptist. "Where is the church?" was the next question. With great gravity and seriousness she replied, "In my heart, Massa."

A COLORED BOY.

While I was was writing letters in the 9th Corps (says the Army correspondent of *Our Daily Fare*), I saw a little negro boy who had one of his legs amputated, who was a servant of a Captain, and received a severe wound while serving his master during an engagement. The little fellow was lying on the ground, with a small box for his pillow, when the ward master came in with a mattress for him. He hesitated to accept it, and looking around among the others, said: "Reckon somebody wants it more than I do; if they does, they must have it." Nobody wanted it.

THE STATUS OF THE NEGRO TROOPS.

Dr. Hunt, formerly of the Buffalo *Express*, writes that paper from Memphis:

"A correspondence is going on here, under flag of truce, between Gen. Washburne (in command here) and Gen. Forrest, of the Fort Pillow massacre memory. The negro regiments, of the late unlucky Sturgis expedition, took a solemn oath before starting that they would neither give nor take quarter, if they met Forrest. They kept the oath, took no prisoners, lost none, came back in excellent order, without losing their arms, and fought with such tenacity and unheard of fatality, that Forrest is now anxious to come to some terms as to future interviews that he may have with 'the inferior race.' Gen. Washburne, in reply, is said to have informed Forrest that he believed such an oath to have been taken, without his knowledge or order, and that he had no doubt that it had been kept, as Gen. Forrest alleged. That such consequences were inevitable upon the Fort Pillow crime, and that had he the power to control the colored troops in that matter, he could not honorably exert it—could not ask these good soldiers of the Union to practice all, while they receive none, of the amenities of civilized warfare. So stands the negotiation, except that Forrest has already begun to back down. Prisoners from colored regiments in his hands, he thinks, should not be killed (as they were by *his* order, and in fulfilment of *his* threat six weeks ago), but should be returned to their 'normal condition'—slavery. He must come down from that. The treatment given at Libby and Belle Isle to the best and bravest sons of our Northern hillsides, was 'bad enough for any nigger,' and the negro has already made his choice of alternatives—'give me liberty, or give me death.'"

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

The correspondent of *The Herald*, in his account of the President's recent visit to the Army of the Potomac, says:

"The noticeable feature of the ride was the passing of a brigade of negro troops. The troops were lounging by the roadside, but seemed to know by instinct who was approaching. They came rushing, and almost to the horses' feet, by hundreds, screaming, yelling, shouting, 'Hurrah for the Liberator!' 'Hurrah for the President!' and were perfectly wild with excitement and delight. It was a spontaneous outburst of genuine love and affection for the man they look upon as their 'deliverer from bondage,' and their wild huzzas were perfectly deafening. The President uncovered his head as he rode through their ranks, and bowed on every hand to his sable admirers."

THE BLACK SOLDIERS FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Twentieth Regiment United States colored troops is now stationed at Carrolton, about seven miles above New Orleans, on the Mississippi. It is a beautiful village, and the men like the post very much. Colonel Bertram is commandant of the post. Since the regiment left New York, it was stationed at Port Hudson for a few weeks. The men were then ordered to Pass Cavallo, Texas, where they remained about a month, garrisoning a fort. They lost many of their numbers from sickness at this post.

The Twenty-sixth Regiment United States colored troops is now at Beaufort, S. C., with five other colored regiments, under Major-General Foster. The health of this regiment is excellent.

Colonel Bertram and Colonel Silliman have both written home, expressing their wish that they were in the front with General Burnside.

The Thirty-first Regiment is in the army of the Potomac. It participated in the late engagements before Petersburg.—*Eve. Post.*

1861 OR 1863.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The clause of the Army Appropriation Bill which finally refers to the Attorney-General the question of the arrears due certain colored regiments, has been frequently reprinted in the newspapers, but with singular discrepancies as to dates, which makes the whole even more unsatisfactory than it was intended to be. I refer especially to the date at which a colored soldier must have been free, in order to entitle him to any benefit from the act.

In *The Times* of June 14, this date is given as April 19, 1861; in *The Times* of June 18, as April 19, 1863; both statements being among the dispatches to the Associated Press, from Washington.

If the required epoch is 1861, then this is a deliberate repudiation of the debt deliberately incurred by the Secretary of War, and authorized by his own handwriting, in August, 1862, in his instructions to Brig.-Gen. Saxton, for the First South Carolina Volunteers, who enlisted under that pledge, *though free when enlisted*, were not free before the war. But as I cannot yet believe that Congress, however tardy in its action, has deliberately voted to repudiate so plain a contract, I prefer to assume that the later date is the correct one, and implore definite information on that subject, if you can give it.

At the best, the act is sufficiently unfortunate, as it is virtually a suggestion to every freed negro, who has a debt which proves inconvenient, "Do as we do—disuse the matter for six months, and then turn it over to somebody else, for further consideration."

T. W. HIGGINSON,
Colonel First South Carolina Volunteers.

Summary.

H. W. JOHNSON, a colored citizen of Canandaigua, has just been admitted to practice in the courts of this State, by the Supreme Court in session at Rochester. He was examined in a class of some fifteen or twenty white applicants, and he acquitted himself with credit.

CHEW UPON THIS.—"I have ridden," says an army correspondent of *The Tribune*, "over nearly all the roads in the region we have traversed, between the Rappahannock and the James, and I have seen barely one schoolhouse. Curiosity led me to enter. Every seat was furnished with a spittoon!"

PREACHING AGAINST SUTLERS.—It is said a colored preacher within our lines, recently, felt constrained to preach against the extortion of the sutlers from which his flock had suffered. After much deliberation he announced his text as follows: "Now de serpent was more *sutler* than any beast ob de field which de Lord God has made."

GONE CLEAN OVER.—Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the 37th Congress, has gone clean over to the Copperhead Democracy. He has thus found his right place at last. He, last week, addressed the "National Democratic Association" at Washington. His Unionism proves to have been only skin deep.

THE FIRST NORMAL SCHOOL in our country was opened at Lexington, Mass., twenty-five years ago, and it is proposed to celebrate the quarter-century anniversary in July. The Massachusetts Board of Education have made suitable arrangements for the celebration, which will take place at the Normal School in Framingham. Rev. Samuel J. May will deliver the address, and Rev. Eben S. Stearns the poem.

THE TABLES TURNED.—The widow of the late ex-President John Tyler has written to President Lincoln complaining that Gen. Wild has arrested a slave-owner who had been flogging his female chattels, and that the General had had him tied, and permitted the women to repay the blows with interest. Mrs. Tyler is indignant that a Virginia gentleman should have been treated thus.

C. EDWARDS LESTER came from New York to Great Barrington, twelve years ago, in answer to a telegram that Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, an uncle of his, was on his death-bed, and regarding his death as certain, brought a heavy metallic coffin along with him. But Mr. Woodbridge recovered and lived nearly eleven years, and the coffin with air pump attached still remains in the freight room at the Great Barrington depot.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

The design for the Gettysburg monument, awarded to Mr. James G. Batterson, of Hartford, is as follows: A solid white marble base with four buttresses, each supporting a statue representing respectively, History, War, Peace and Plenty. From the centre rises a shaft of marble, crowned with a colossal bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty fifteen feet high. The height of the monument will be fifty feet, and the cost will be fifty thousand dollars.

A "MURDERING MINISTER."—Rev. Wm. P. Reed, a Presbyterian clergyman of Nashville before the war, and who raised a rebel regiment on the breaking out of the rebellion, died recently at Jackson, Miss., from wounds received while actively engaged in slaughtering the surrendered prisoners at Fort Pillow. Persons who escaped from that terrible massacre, say he was one of the most cold-blooded and fierce of Forrest's desperate band of assassins.

NEW ENGLAND YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.—In this body a lively concern sprang up for the help of the colored Freedmen, and a large Committee, intended to be of a permanent character, was appointed from all the Quarterly Meetings to have the subject under charge. Friends were exhorted and encouraged to contribute to the best of their ability to aid in this great work, both on the ground of duty to God and to their country, in this time of its sorest need.—*Friends' Review.*

OLD ABE'S CHOICE.—A gentleman in conversation remarked to President Lincoln on Friday that nothing could defeat him but Grant's *capture of Richmond* to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

GEN. WADSWORTH ON SLAVERY AND THE REBELLION.—The lamented Gen. Wadsworth of New York, killed in one of the late battles in Virginia, gave utterance to the following sentiment on slavery, in a private letter just before his death. It is worthy of being remembered:

"I have come to the conclusion that we can never have a true peace until slavery is utterly abolished. Any settlement short of that will only be an armistice. It will be a severe ordeal to pass through, but we had better meet it manfully than to leave it a cankering sore for our children."

NEBRASKA has voted not to organize a State government as yet. She had but 28,841 inhabitants in 1860; she has not more than 60,000 now; and she could hardly fail, by making herself a State, to double her local taxation—a serious consideration in these days. Whoever expected to be Governor, U. S. Senators, etc., are doubtless annoyed by this vote; but the great mass of the people can hear the disappointment of this class with unshaken fortitude. Nebraska will be coming in as a State, with a population of 100,000 or over, in season to vote for President in 1868.—*Tribune.*

The following is an extract from a letter written by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to a gentleman in Washington: "In consideration of the present exigency; in view of Mr. Lincoln's past administration; the wisdom he has shown; the moral purity of the man; the great confidence which the people put in him; the danger which there would be, if he were set aside, of having it regarded as a popular rebuke of his policy; and the confidence that I feel that, though long in learning, he has learned to govern, I am full and strong in my conviction that he should be our next President."

A PRECIOUS RELIC.—The only gold medal ever voted by Congress to Gen. Washington is for sale, its owner who has lost by the war everything else that is valuable, being compelled to part with it. It was given in honor of the evacuation of Boston by the British. On the obverse is a fine medallion profile of Washington, and on the reverse he and his staff are grouped on Bunker's Hill, while the British fleet is seen moving down the bay. It contains $180 worth of gold. It is in perfect preservation, having been guarded by its owner with the most religious care. Five thousand dollars have already been offered for it; but to the government, or to a historical society, it would be worth much more. We shall be glad to give further information concerning it to parties that may desire it.—*Evening Bulletin.*

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.—The Louisville *Journal*, eager to do the dirty work of slavery, remarks:

"The Abolitionists advocate amalgamation; but before they practice it, they will have to get the consent of the nigger, and the nigger is getting proud."

To which the Louisville *Press* responds with the following stinger:

"Heretofore the patriarchal aristocracy have not consulted the nigger, but *practiced* amalgamation at will, and were always proud."

A wounded Virginia rebel and a wounded Pennsylvanian, occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tilt, as follows:

Union—Say, reb, where are you from?
Secesh—I'm from Virginia, the best State in America.
Union—That's where old Floyd came from, the old thief.
Secesh—Where are you from, Yank?
Union—I'm from Pennsylvania.
Secesh—Well, you needn't talk about old Floyd coming from Virginia as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania. Don't you wish you hadn't said anything, Yank?

HISTORIC BALE OF COTTON.—The Providence *Journal* gives an interesting account of a bale of cotton. In speaking of the historical relic, it says: "When the steamer Lexington was burnt in Long Island Sound, Jan. 13, 1840, David Crowley of this city, second mate, was saved on a bale of cotton, upon which he drifted two days and nights, and finally went ashore at River-head, L. I. This bale of cotton Mr. Crowley has preserved with religious care until the present time, but the price of the staple to-day has brought out the sacred relic, and it is placed in the hands of Mr. S. R. Simmons, on South Water street, for sale. It is of remarkable quality, and the three hundred pound bale is worth from four to five hundred dollars."

THE COLORED PEOPLE AND THE RIOT—THEIR CLAIMS FOR LOST PROPERTY.—The following is a statement of the action of the Board of Supervisors on the claims for damages suffered by the colored people during the riots. There were one thousand and ninety two claims presented for damages, amounting to $86,657 13. Three hundred and eighty-eight claims have been paid, amounting to $33,677. Forty-seven have been ordered paid. These amount to $7,999 54. One hundred and eighty-six claims have not yet been acted upon. They amount to $6,787 13. One hundred and fifty-nine, for $13,852 49, have been rejected. Three hundred and twelve have been abandoned by persons leaving the city. These claims amounted to $24,340 92. It will be seen that the total sum paid and to be paid is small, considering the general destruction of property of these poor people by the rioters. If the claims not yet acted upon are followed by the Supervisors, the whole amount paid to colored people will not amount to fifty thousand dollars.—*Eve. Post.*

THE FAIR SWEEPERS.—Who says that the Fair isn't kept clean. Germans call girls "brooms"—how they sweep is set forth in the following, by one of our Fairies:

Said the Mayor of our city, "It much me distresses
Our streets are so dirty, no brooms and no men";
"Never mind," said the girls, "we have all our new dresses,"
These good little girls of the city of Penn.

"Orgaudy, silk, barege and grey grenadine,
No need is there surely of brooms or of men;
Only let us alone and we'll sweep them all clean,"
Said these good little girls of the city of Penn.
—*Our Daily Fare.*

COLORED SCHOOLS IN NASHVILLE.—There are a number of colored schools in Nashville, in a flourishing condition. When first started, great efforts were made to crush them; but they were protected by Gov. Johnson, and now they have become so numerous, and the attendances so large, that all open opposition to them has ceased. I can still, however, see rebels, both grown and juvenile, scowl at the little colored urchins, who, book and slate in hand, pass their doors. This little species of bravado is all the revenge that the rebel natives can now exercise. A large number of grown people of color, also, attend these schools—especially females; as the men, who are compelled to labor for the support of their families, are determined that their wives shall possess the rudiments of an education.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE OLD RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PENN.—The quaint old house at the southwest corner of second street and Norris alley, below Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has been recently purchased by a progressive citizen. It will shortly be torn down to make room for buildings more in accordance with the present age. The old house derives its chief interest as the only residence of William Penn. The house was built for Samuel Carpenter. It was occupied as the city residence of William Penn and his family, while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, and in this house was born his son, John Penn, the "American," the only one of the race ever born in this country. The house is now about one hundred and seventy-five years old, and is the last relic of the Penn family.

A LOYAL DEMOCRAT ATTACKED IN CONGRESS.—As Joseph Bailey of Pennsylvania, one of the four Democrats who had the patriotism to vote for the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting slavery, was answering to his name on that question, Alexander H. Coffroth, also of Pennsylvania, a violent Copperhead, who was passing at the time, laid his hand heavily upon Mr. Bailey's head and drew it down over his face, accompanying the action with words abusive of Mr. Bailey's vote and unfit to be printed. Mr. Bailey, suddenly forgetting his Quaker principles, seized Coffroth, who is much the larger man, by the collar, drew his head down and dealt him a powerful blow under the ear, which sent him reeling against the opposite desk. Mr. Coffroth then subsided.

CANINE SAGACITY.—The New York *World* tells a story of wonderful canine sagacity. A Newfoundland dog in that city is accustomed to go daily to a news stand on the corner of Chambers street and West Broadway, and with open mouth and wagging tail, asks for a copy of *The World*; the animal being sent by his master on the errand. A day or two since, says the *World*, a *Tribune* was handed to the brute, instead of the accustomed paper, when the animal, with intense disgust, shown by his drooping tail and upturned snout, dropped the offensive sheet. *The World* thereupon moralizes; and advises that henceforth *The Tribune* be dedicated only to those stomachs that can withstand the dose. The advice is good, doubtless. But we would add, "Let the New York *World* continue to be thrown to the dogs."—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A SHADE WORSE THAN THE BLUE LAWS.—From a Bridgeport, Conn., paper we learn that a Mr. Jessup Sherwood, of Fairfield, in that State, brought a suit against his wife (a second wife) to get possession of her personal property. The lady, who inherited a farm worth $6,000, and personal property of the value of $3,000, and is sixty years of age, was married to the plaintiff some few years since. He was a widower, with two unmarried daughters. Becoming bankrupt he wanted to finger his wife's cash; and as she proved obstinate he sued. A Connecticut judge gave an order that the defendant be imprisoned, unless before a day fixed she surrendered all notes and other evidences of her personal estate; and from the 23d day of November, 1863, until within a short time, she lay in the criminal department of a jail, while the husband and his daughters occupied her house. It is a slight relief to this disgraceful statement to say that the Supreme Court has reversed the proceedings, and the wife is at liberty.

BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK.—For some time an acquaintance of a suspicious character has been ripening into a Byronic tenderness, between the John Cochrane Copperheads and the —— Abolitionists. It has culminated at Cleveland. The child or rather the twins—have been born. These have been carefully wrapped up in lineo, lace and gauze at some expense, and laid at the door of the Union party with the usual billet, requesting that they be taken in, as they "have no friends in this country." This is written in the copperhead hand. The basket is copperhead, though the lace and gauze are abolition. The appeals for help for the little sufferers are from the copperheads. On inquiry we learn that the bills were all paid by copperheads. We therefore conclude that if a warrant were issued, the copperheads could be bound to support their offspring. That is enough! Policemen, take away that basket.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE OPPOSITION ANALYZED.—A Western paper relates that Petroleum V. Nasby, a shining light in the new Domestic Church, thus sets forth the representatives of the latest phases of the Democratic faith:—1—Them ez wonld nominait Mick Lellon on a war platform. 2—Them ez would nominait Mick Lellon on a peace platform. 3—Them ez would nomioait Vallandygum on a peace platform. 4—Them ez would nominait Vallandygum on a war platform. 5—Them ez would favor the war if slavery could be let alone. 6—Them ez is opposed to the war in any shape. 7—Them ez is in Kanady in consekens uv the draft. 8—The betwixt and betweeners, which is ashamed uv our party and ain't sootable for any other. They are with the Democracy ez the Hoosiers is with the itch—wood like 2 get rid of it, but can't.

THE ADAMS HOME AT QUINCY.—The old mansion of John Quincy Adams is now owned by his son, Charles Francis Adams, the present minister to England, and when at home he occupies it. His son, young John Quincy Adams, a very gentlemanly fellow, now occupies it, and has for a wife a beautiful and accomplished Boston lady, a Miss Crowninshield, whose kind treatment of us and our party we shall never forget. When we visited the house we were shown through it, and into the study, and to the old chair and writing desk of the "old man eloquent." Mr. and Mrs. Adams expressed their kind regards for us, and said they were pleased to have a visit from a man who was for John Quincy Adams in 1828 in preference to Gen. Jackson. The paintings of the Adams family, of Washington and his lady, of Gen. Warren and Josiah Quincy, still living, and of others who have passed away, interested us very much.—*Parson Brownlow.*

GEN. LEE'S LAND.—The Washington *Republican* says: "A happy thought has occurred to the Secretary of War, which it gives us pleasure to record:

"First. He ordered Col. Green to organize the Freedman's Village, for the protection of the black man and his family, upon the Arlington estate, belonging to the rebel Gen. Lee.

"Secondly. He has himself recently selected a site upon the same estate for a national cemetery for the burial of loyal soldiers who die in Virginia from wounds inflicted by Lee's orders.

"Gen. Meigs has been directed to supervise the laying out of the grounds. How appropriate that Lee's lands should be dedicated to two such noble purposes—the free living black man whom Lee would enslave, and the bodies of the dead soldiers whom Lee had killed in a wicked cause. Let this record stand to the everlasting credit of Secretary Stanton. We cheerfully award it."

THE SINGERS EXPELLED FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—The Hutchinson Family sang, Tuesday evening, the celebrated lines beginning:

"We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation"—

at a strawberry festival of the Clinton-street M. E. Church of Newark. It was for singing this song that they were expelled from the Army of the Potomac two and a half years ago. By a singular coincidence, the pastor of the Clinton-street Church (the Rev. Mr. Yard) was the chaplain who invited them to visit the army at that time, and for whose regiment (the 1st New Jersey) they sang. Mr. John Hutchinson said that after their return to Washington the song was the subject of Cabinet conference, at which it was decided that it was just such songs that the government wished the soldiers to hear, and the Hutchinsons were granted permission to return, but their engagements prevented their visiting the army again.—*N. Y. Post.*

A PERNICIOUS WEED.—Thurlow Weed continues to intrude his personal animosities into the Union ranks, with the hope of creating dissension. His venom has no power to injure others. He only slavers himself, and is fast becoming an object of pity. His power for mischief has become utterly contemptible. No one now fears him. He presents the spectacle of a malicious, vindictive old man, who at this stage of our country's history, when *great* thoughts should possess men claiming to be statesmen and patriots, can find no more congenial employment than doling out personal abuse towards those who have had more comprehensive views of national policy than himself.

Weed promised to leave the Republican party more than a year ago. We are sorry he has not kept his word. It is no place for men, such as he, at this juncture. He belongs to a class who have made the corruptions of politics a study, and whose sole ideas of statesmanship are confined to the debauching of those in public place. They have cursed our country, and have been one of the most potent instruments in accelerating its threatened ruin.—*Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.*

REV. CALVIN FAIRBANKS, recently released from prison in Kentucky after a captivity of twelve years and five months, where he was confined for assisting slaves to escape, was married on June 9th, at Oxford, Ohio, to Miss Mandana Tileston, daughter of the late Cornelius Tileston, of Williamsburg. When he was imprisoned twelve and a half years ago, these parties were about to be married and preparations for the wedding were made. Through all his long captivity, Miss Tileston remained faithful to him, and never relaxed her efforts to secure his release. She visited the Governor of Kentucky more than once, and personally pleaded that he be set at liberty. They were married in church, which was filled with spectators on the occasion, the public schools, in which Miss Tileston was a teacher, being closed. Her pupils presented her with a beautiful album on this interesting occasion, and a large gathering of people, moved by sympathy for the released captive, followed the couple to the depot to bid them farewell. Mr. Fairbanks came out of prison apparently a wreck, physically, but he has recuperated wonderfully since breathing the air of freedom, and is now quite well. He and his wife intend to reside in Williamsburg.—*Northampton (Mass.) Free Press.*

COLORADO TERRITORY SOON TO BE THE STATE OF COLORADO.—Of the several new States to be admitted into the Union, Colorado is the one to which the loyal people look with great confidence and hope. Hers has been the only Legislature in the nation without a single copperhead to disgrace its halls. That she will be ready to adopt the provision of the Enabling Act forever prohibiting slavery is without a question, and as this is the test as to whether she will enter the loyal sisterhood or not, there can scarcely be a doubt that she will at once accept the privilege. Aside from the duty the loyal people of Colorado owe to their common country in sustaining the policy of freedom, they have a deep interest in having an effective voice in Congress to secure the benefits of the Pacific Railroad and more especially in protecting their mining interests. With a voice in the councils of the nation, Colorado, representing the Rocky Mountains, would be able to secure privileges that would be of untold advantage to her people. Without it, they are and will remain powerless to secure their own rights. We are confident that every loyal citizen of Colorado will join heartily and earnestly in the movement for a State organization, and that when admitted, hers will be one of the bright stars that never sets.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.—We learn from Nashville papers that, on their late visit to that city, Drs. Budington and Thompson addressed the public, in the Hall of Representatives, upon "emancipation as the only basis of reconstruction for Tennessee." The meeting was held under the auspices of leading citizens, including high officers in the State, and at their invitation. Arguments demonstrating the incompatibility of slavery with the industrial prosperity, and the social elevation of a State were received with enthusiastic applause; and appeals for the consummation of the deliverance of Tennessee by uprooting slavery from her soil, were responded to, upon every side with marked satisfaction. For nearly two hours the citizens of Nashville listened with approbation to sentiments, for which three years ago, they would have hung the speakers on the spot. The loyal men of Tennessee are in earnest for her social regeneration through the abolition of slavery. Her fruitful soil, her mountains of mineral and metallic wealth, await only the labor and skill of freemen, to yield a bountiful return. To-day Tennessee is more inviting to the emigrant than any State west of the Mississippi.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"MISCEGENATION."—About forty years ago, the goodly city of Richmond, Va., was presided over and protected, not from an "army of Lincoln hirelings," "Dutch and Irish riff-raff," etc., but from the nigger who walketh in darkness, and the Abolitionist who wasteth at noonday, by his Honor the Mayor, Dr. John Adams. Mayor Adams had a brother, Col. Richard Adams, whose wealth was immense, and whose princely mansion was situated just at the brow of Richmond Hill. Col. Adams was at first married to a wife of his own color, who died when he was about fifty years old. During the first Mrs. Adams's life, the Colonel bought for house-servants three beautiful mulatto girls who were sisters. Mary Ann, the oldest, was married to a colored man named Wheeler, who was a carpenter. Judy and Lucy, the younger girls, were, after the death of the first Mrs. Adams, compelled by the hoary-headed old sinner, to live with him as concubines although only about sixteen or eighteen years old; and in consequence each gave birth to several children. After living with these girls in this manner for twelve or fifteen years, the old Colonel was again married to a white woman, and shortly afterward he sold the two girls with their and his own children, to the traders, and they were carried from the State. What became of them afterwards, my informant never learned. It only remains to add that Col. Adams was, of course, a man of the highest standing in the community in which he lived.—*Anglo-African.*

ROBERT TAYLOR, a citizen of Coffee County, Tennessee, first nearly suffocated by hanging, and then deliberately murdered by flogging, a negro woman, his slave, in the latter part of August, 1863. A military commission thereupon convened to consider the act, pronounced it manslaughter, and affixed the rose water sentence of five years confinement in the state penitentiary. By what complications of red tape this atrocious case and scarcely less atrocious finding have but recently come to the notice of the War Department is not clear; we only know that the Secretary of War lately issued a court-martial order, No. 88, in which the President reviews the evidence and the judgment of the commission, censures the inhumanity which cooly winked at unqualified murder, and endeavors to secure at least the execution of the sentence by transferring the criminal to the Albany penitentiary. Well, let us rejoice that here is a sign, however weak, of the fundamental change taking place in the nation. In the Union as it was, Robert Taylor might have beaten unto death every black piece of property unfortunate enough to call him master, and have laughed at any jury that could have been impanelled against him. He might have sat in Congress, or been chosen President, and feared neither swarthy Banquos nor popular indignation. The times are other than they were, and in the reign of liberty the indefeasible rights of slavery are converted to wrongs punishable as crimes. The government will find business in plenty if it undertakes to follow up each outrage of the "institution." If there are to be any degrees in the punishment of Gen. Lee, when we catch him, let us remember as an old score his whipping a woman whom his own overseer refused to torture.—*Independent.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* has the following account of a man in office who actually works for nothing and finds himself! If any one happens to know another, we will thank him to send us his portrait and biography. *The Commercial's* Washington correspondent says:

"A few weeks since, I wrote of a man who didn't want an office. Now I have a still more startling fact to announce—a man who holds and office under the government works hard, and won't take any pay for it! The *rara avis* is Mr. Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department; and the case, as related to me by an intimate friend of his, is as follows: About two years ago, Secretary Stanton wrote to Mr. Whiting, whom he had known well and favorably as a lawyer for many years, at his home in Massachusetts, informing him that he was about to create the office of Solicitor for the War Department, and tendered him the position, at a salary of $5,000 a year, I believe. Mr. Whiting replied that he would be glad to serve the government in the capacity named, and would accept the office upon one condition, that he receive no pay or emoluments of any kind, and have the privilege of bearing his own expenses at the Capital. This was finally, though reluctantly, acceded to by Mr. Stanton, and Mr Whiting left his palatial home in New England, and took up his abode in Washington City. Not content with refusing to receive compensation himself, he drew up an instrument in writing, and filed it in the War Department, stipulating that, in case of his death while here, his family should not be entitled to one dollar for the services he may have rendered. Mr. Whiting is a rich man, and can afford to do all he has magnanimously agreed to; but it should be remembered there are hundreds of others equally rich, and who could equally well afford it, who would hesitate for a long time before accepting such a non-remunerative berth."

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I hear, from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The blue bird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill
Are all alive with birds.

O Choir of Spring, why come so soon?
On leafless grove and herbless lawn
Warm lie the yellow beams of noon;
Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again;
Again the blustering East shall blow,
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
And load the pines with snow.

Yet, haply, from the region where,
Waked by an earlier Spring than here,
The blossomed wild-plum scents the air,
Ye come in haste and fear.

For there is heard the bugle-blast,
The booming gun, the jarring drum,
And on their chargers, spurring fast,
Armed warriors go and come.

There mighty hosts have pitched the camp
In valleys that were yours till then,
And Earth has shuddered to the tramp
Of half a million men.

In groves where once ye used to sing,
In orchards where ye had your birth,
A thousand glittering axes swing
To smite the trees to earth.

Ye love the fields by ploughman trod:
But there, when sprouts the beechen spray,
The soldier only breaks the sod
To hide the slain away.

Stay, then, beneath our ruder sky;
Heed not the storm-clouds rising black,
Nor yelling winds that with them fly;
Nor let them fright you back—

Back to the stifling battle-cloud
To burning towns that blot the day,
And trains of mounting dust that shroud
The armies on their way.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
To scare you from the sheltering tree,
Than winds that stir the branches round,
And murmur of the bee.

And we will pray, that ere again
The flowers of autumn bloom and die,
Our generals and their strong-armed men
May lay their weapons by.

Then may ye warble, unafraid,
Where hands, that wear the fetter now,
Free as your wings shall ply the spade,
And guide the peaceful plough.

Then, as our conquering hosts return,
What shouts of jubilee shall break
From placid vale and mountain stern
And shore of mighty lake!

And midland plain and ocean strand
Shall thunder: "Glory to the brave,
Peace to the torn and bleeding land,
And freedom to the slave!"

March, 1864. —*Atlantic Monthly for July.*

GOING A VISITING IN EGYPT.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Dongola, Ill., March 5, 1864.

This is a relation by Mr. Billings. He is the man who moved from Western New York to Wisconsin, and started a nursery—the cold weather killed his trees as fast as he could raise them; seven years ago much discouraged, and with some property, he came to Southern Illinois, and by skill and industry he has become well off. My account of the Gospel in Egypt has set the Copperhead press here in a rage, and they threaten me with tar and feathers, and other things. The case is, when I show that pro-slavery and ignorance go together, and that the friends of freedom have been mobbed and killed, they called me a slanderer, and denying everything, say I ought to be "rode on a rail." I had thought these arguments were going out of date, but since they are not, and, since as many as twenty Union men have been murdered, within twenty miles of me, in less than a year, it would seem wise in me no longer to attempt to show how slavery degrades white folks; but Mr. Billings may speak, for he is another person. If any one doubt the truth of what he says, I will hand them his address, and he will give them satisfaction, for he carries two cracking little revolvers in each breast pocket, and a heavy one hooked to his belt.

Speaking of pistols reminds me that a friend of mine hunting horses in Cacheflats, twenty miles distant, heard a farmer give a description of me, which is as follows: I am a huge Irishman, six feet and a half tall, with a big bushy beard; I have a hoarse and fearful voice, and a row of revolvers around my body. It is difficult for anybody to get sight of me except in the edge of the evening. One of the rooms of my house is filled with sacks of coffee, muskets and gold watches. "Soon after we came hither," said Mr. Billings, "and had got our house in order, a neighbor of mine, named ———, stopped with his team at the gate, just before sundown, and as a storm was coming on. His wife was with him, and they had been to Marion to trade. Although his house is only a mile distant through the woods, by the road it is three miles, and I asked them to stay all night. I had seen him a few times before, and as he was one of the most influential and wealthy men in the settlement, I thought it a good chance to form his acquaintance. To tell the truth, I had an idea that if I took the right course I might be elected to some office, such as Justice of the Peace, and afterward, perhaps, a member of the Legislature. You smile at this, and so do I, for we know now none of us could have been elected to any office whatever.

"Seeing they certainly would get wet they concluded to stay. The boys put out the horses and they came into the house. My wife had been washing and ironing, and was tired, but learning from the children who acted as express messengers, that they were going to stay, she slipped on one of her best dresses, barely in time, and politely received them. We had just eaten a picked-up supper and left clean plates, but she was determined to get them a good one, although she had to start from the foundation, for she also had ambition, and she went to work by tacking up her dress. In a few minutes a couple of chickens were hopping over the wood-yard with their heads chopped off; the spider, half full of buttermilk and fat, was simmering over the stove—she would have biscuit and sweet cake; our oldest girl coughed as she roasted coffee; another washed potatoes; another searched the hen's nest for eggs, and I was ordered to get our last ham out of the cellar. A little while before I had bought some cap honey, and she put a large piece on the table; our two cows had recently come in, and she had such good butter; in short, when our friends were called, it seemed to me that she had prepared a nice supper. When they had begun to eat, wife showed a little vanity by telling one of the girls to take away the iron spoons and bring the silver ones, which made Mr. ——— and his wife stare, for such ware is never used by these people, and scarcely ever heard of.

"After supper I went into the kitchen to get the swill pail to feed the hogs, which I had forgotten, when I saw the children flitting around the table, and heard them say there was scarcely anything left except 'this tinty bit of honey.' When all had gone to bed wife sat up and baked some custard pies, which she fancied were first rate, as they were. For breakfast there were more ham, eggs, chicken, honey, and all this. As they were about to start Mrs. ——— insisted as she had done the previous evening, and as soon as she got up, that we should come and visit them.

"'Yes, and bring all the young 'uns and yer old man, and stay a week. We'll be powerful glad to see ye. Come, now, do. Say, now ye will; do, now. Say nex Saturday week. Stay over Sunday, if ye won't stay no longer, and go to meeting on Big Lick Fork. Elder Miller's agoin' to preach; he's the powerfullest preacher in all these parts. We think thar ain't nobody like he is. Come, now, do.'

"Wife, didn't know but we would, and getting a faint nod from me, said if we wouldn't make too much trouble we would come.

"'Lord, don't speak o' no trouble; we've got two big smart gals, and heaps o' victuals, more'n we can eat; and beds, and milk, and sweet taters. Come, now.'

"It was settled that we should go, and due preparation was made. The baby, about two years old, had to be taken—it would be too lonesome if left alone—and everything was got ready in time. I told the boys to bring the buggy around, so that we could ride home. I had a pair of three-hundred, four-year-old gray horses, and they could come after us as well as not. It was a pleasant walk through the woods, along a high ridge, with deep gulfs and sink-holes, and caves on either side, and we came out near a lane which led to the house. I had carried the baby most of the way, and being tired, had set it down, and it walked between us, holding each of us by our hands, till we passed the barns and hog pen, where were the bars leading to the house, when four big cross dogs came up as if they would tear us to pieces. Wife jumped on the bars, holding to the post, while I seized the baby, and had just got a good club, when Mrs. ——— came out and said:

"'Will ye! now, will ye, look at him! Och! look at him! they won't hurt ye—will ye—will ye—I *say* will ye! I'm powerful glad to see ye; come in—we've bin a lookin' fur ye all day.'

"At first, the room was dark, for the only window was of two panes by the side of the chimney; but the door being open, and the fire soon blazing a little, we could see better. As many as thirty dresses hung around the wall; there were two beds in the room: the dishes were in a cupboard made of a shallow dry-goods box; by the side of it was a diaper-towel with red stripes across each end, which was spread out and fastened to the logs with pins, and above it was a wooden hook on which were four sharp and slender dipped candles. A bake kettle, covered with coals, stood in the corner of the fire-place.

"After a little, the children began to come around; there were ten or twenty—at first, they had been shy, and when we looked at them, they dodged their heads out of the door-way, when we heard them run. The two oldest girls, however, kept on spinning cotton, and blushing, but would not speak a word when spoken to, when their mother would say: 'Look at him; look at him.' At last, the attractions of the baby were so great that they came in; but, before they touched it they had to wash their hands, though their faces remained smutty enough, and then, with some hazel-nuts, they got into her good graces, and in a little time they quietly took her up and carried her out doors.

"'Don't ye hurt that ar young un, now,' said their mother, 'kase, if ye do, I'll be the death on ye.'

"'No, mam, we won't hurt her none.'

"All at once, there was a great cry, then a long silence, when it broke out again, and wife went and brought in her baby, crying and sobbing. It seemed that a finger had got hurt a little—perhaps a good deal. Mrs. ——— went out, and we heard her address the children in these words:

"'L—d Almighty, didn't I tell ye not to hurt that ar young un. I've a good mind to cut yer guts out; yer ought to be skinned alive and have yer liver tore out. The hull on ye go to totin' in wood, or I'll kill every one on ye.'

"They went to work quite moderately, but some difficulty arose, when one said, 'If ye don't let me be I'll split yer head open.' Another was going to tear his companion's heart out, or to stamp his guts open. This seemed very strange and awful language to us; but afterward we heard it so much in other families, even by fathers to their young infants, that we became less horror-struck, for we learned that they spoke in a figurative sense, and by no means meant what they said. It seems that they brought these expressions from the slave States, being such as many used to their slaves; and it looks as if they take a pride, since they cannot own slaves, in using the language of slaveholders. Still, there is no doubt but by using such phrases they have at last become in earnest, and have been led to commit the horrid murders recorded of them in all papers in this and in Union Counties; and this explains, in part, why in the slave States they so barbarously have dug up Union soldiers, and cleaned off the putrid flesh, that they might make cups, rings, and keepsakes of their bones.

"It was getting dark, there seemed no preparation for supper, and I whispered to wife that I wished we were at home. She whispered back that she wouldn't go home for anything; she had boarded around when she kept school, and she guessed she could stand it one night. It seems that women are not such cowards after all, when they have their husbands near at hand.

"At last a large pot, filled with cabbage and bacon and sweet potatoes, was brought in from another room; the cover was taken off the bake kettle, and out came steaming hot, a large cake of corn bread, and we had supper. Besides, we had stewed dried apples with no sweetening, and looking as if cooked in an iron kettle; coffee, thick and black, you know, and sweet frothy butter. I always want vinegar with my cabbage, and asked Mrs. ——— if she had any.

"'Bud,' said she, 'take this tea-cup and go out to the smoke-house and git Mr. Billings some winegar out of the jug.'

"'It's dark,' said he.

"'Well, there wont nothin' hurt ye.'

"'Yes thar will; I know thar will.'

"'Bobby, ye go, that's a nice boy—go right away.'

"Bobby was younger and began to cry.

"'I dassent; it'n ketch me—I se it.'

"'Well, Jim, ye're a big boy, ye ain't afeard, ye go.'

"'I won't.'

"'What are they afraid of?' said I.

"'Would ye think it, they're afeard of spooks—what some folks calls sperrits. I'll go, I aint afeard; see, mam's agoin.'"

"Of course I said nothing, but I thought if the case had been mine the boys would have seen something very different from a spirit. When she brought the vinegar she said, 'the apple-skins and cores we made it on, was most too old, and it aint very sharp.' I couldn't dispute her.

"After supper, while I was talking with Mr. ———, his wife and mine had some misunderstanding, for asking what kind of a 'crap' I was going to put in, and the wife did not understand it, and it was explained to her, when she excused herself by saying, she had been taught to call it "crop."

"'May be I don't allers speak proper. I haint had no larnin', and allers was a workin', and we had nothin' to start with; and I don't know as larnin's o' much use, for we've got 320 acres of land, and ten hosses, and five mules, and two cows, and a yoke o' oxens, and seventy hogs—may be there's more; and we've so many chickens there's no counten' 'em; and more'n all, we've got $2,000, and risin,' as fetches us ten per cent, and it 'pears like we get along right smart, if we don't speak all our words jist so.'

"Wife has a very smooth way with strangers, and after a little she so pacified her friend that they got along finely, and sometimes they laughed in a high key.

"We had a nice high bed to sleep in, there being as many as 50 pounds of feathers in it, but after a while I waked up with a sneeze. The fire had gone down, and I felt the wind blowing on my head. I reached over to the chair where my clothes hung, and, getting my vest, stuffed it in between the logs where the clay had dropped out. I say nothing of the regular inhabitants of the bed, because they are so common, though I was awfully hitten.

"After breakfast, and before the meeting, I sat by the fire and read all the books I could see in the house. These were the First and Second Readers, and we started for the church on Big Lick Fork. The house was so full that only the women could get seats, which was fortunate for me, as I sat on a log, thankful that my knife was in good cutting order. They seemed to have a good time inside, for there were shoutings and groanings, and by turns an uproar.

"When meeting closed, wife was almost the first one out. Her face was red, her answers sharp and short; and though she looked on me tenderly, I saw there was trouble. The boys drove home in a short time, and after she had taken off her things, she told me what was the matter. She had got separated from Mrs. ———, and not till meeting was out did she come near her; then, being blocked in the crowd, she was behind her, and heard her talking to some other women. This was what she said:

"'—And silver spoons, and all her dresses and under-clothes is starched, and one o' the gals fotched a tin box for me and my old man to spit in, and she don't chaw no tebarker nor smoke, but lordy, lordy, sich pore victnals as she got ye never et. The biscuit want done and was soggy, the eggs was only cooked on one side, the ham was red like, the coffee was so weak it looked kinder clar, but twarnt so bad, we was so tired you know, the chick'n was salt, and she had sich custard, not a bit o' punkin in't, pears like 'twas made of a cow's milk as just had a calf, and thar want nothin' hardly fit to eat, septin' she had some for cake and honey. I don't, in course, blame her non for not known' how to cook, but only think when I ax'd 'em jist in good manners, ye know, to come some day and see us, and then that they'd a come, so, and a stayed all night—why I hadn't the least idy they was a comin, and I never was so struck all in a heap in my born days, as I was when I seed 'em a comin and a bringin' o' that young un o' theirs which they think is so pooty—but I don't. They may have a power o' housen, truck and a buggy, and two hosses, but they hant only forty acres, and all they talk about is a risin' of peaches and apples and pears and strabberies, when anybody knows what I and my old man is wuth!

"Wife thought herself fortunate in getting away unperceived, and though she was greatly disturbed she waited her time. I know that ignorant prosperous people if naturally mean everywhere are deceitful and vain, like this woman, but when the arrogance, the self-importance and stupidity of the slaveholder are added, they become odious. But this now is changing, for those even of little intelligence are for the Union, and it is settled that J. C. Allen cannot again go to Congress from this District.

"In a few days Mrs. ——— came over, and she was as pretty and friendly as ever. We had a pair of cotton cards she wanted to borrow. What a pity, wife was going to use them right away after dinner; and now, as dinner was most ready, she must stay and eat. She didn't care if she did; so she took down her knitting work, and chatted away. After a little, wife said:

"'Dinner is about ready now, but I am afraid you will find such poor victnals, the biscuit not done and soggy, no pumpkin, the custard——'

"'What, did *ye*,' stammered Mrs. ———, opening her eyes.

"Yes, I did. The ham was red, you know; the coffee was weak, and nothing was fit to eat.'

"'I guess I won't stay, come to think of it.'

"'I'd advise you,' said wife, going to the door, 'when you find fault with any people's cooking, that you are sure you do not eat so much as to make them think you never had a decent meal before.'"

N. C. M.

HEAVEN.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

—*Springfield Republican.*

DOWN A FREIBURG SILVER MINE.

From The St. James's Magazine.

A whole village of miners exists around the shaft. The "hands" employed at this one mine number nearly 1 500. My friend's "house" seemed to consist of one largish room, serving as parlor, tap-room, cellar, and bedroom; for behind a curtain was the "state hed," and numerous children already snored in all kinds of indescribable contrivances round the wall. The beer (no fear of that growing "dead" which never had a spark of life) was contained in huge stoneware jars, uncovered, from whence his wife drew for us into noggins exactly like "Luther's drinking-cup" in the Dresden Museum. I could not forget that his birth-place was not far off; that, however "Churprinz," or "König von Sæchs," or "reigning family" might turn political Papists, these poor miners would be staunch. Yes, there he was on the wall, "neatly framed and glazed," and inscribed in the formal German way, much as if our immortal bard were entitled W. Shakspeare, Esq., "Dr. Martin Luther." Who, looking round at that humble portrait, could doubt that the poet was expressing his countrymen's feelings, when, indignant at Luther's bust being shut out of the Walhalla, or German "Westminster Abbey" for great benefactors of their nation, he cried "Der lebt in den Herzen; wozu noch in Stein?"—"Why need we a bust when he lives in our hearts?"

But to return to the miners. They came dropping in, one or two at a time, till some dozen were collected, drinking beer and eating black bread and slices of huge sausage. The room, like all German rooms, was very hot to begin with, and now became so insupportable, that I wondered how "mine host's" eldest daughter (who, amidst the outstretched bodies of her brothers and sisters, was washing cups and passing occasional jokes with the company) could endure the thick "Berlin-wool" jacket in which the upper part of her figure was encased. However, by the time I had been rigged out in full miner's garb, much to my own satisfaction and to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on, the word was given to start, and I and my guide stepped out into the cold, rainy night. We soon reached the mouth of the shaft, and after a preparatory descent into a workshop, where we got lanterns fixed to our girdles, we bade farewell in good earnest to "all beneath the sun." Oh, that first ladder! I shall never forget the resigned feeling with which I stamped down step after step behind my guide; the greasy wood-work; the damp, grave-like air; above all, the roar and din from the huge water-wheels and engines constantly at work to keep the mine in anything like working order. Truly, "I heard the wash of waters, but nothing could I see"—save vast slimy boards moving slowly up and down at my elbows. At first I naturally enough took these colossal piston-rods for the firm walls of the chimney, down which I was creeping. I was set right by one grazing my hip, and making me shrink within myself, like the man who saw his prison walls gradually closing in around him.

After reaching the first landing-place all unpleasant sensations vanished, or were exchanged for a fear that some miner (we began to meet them as we got lower) might, in his more rapid descent, come unawares upon my fingers. This was all but realized in the ascent; the guide had forgotten to give the cry which should stop that flight to all down comers until we had passed; and as I blindly worked my way up, my first intimation of danger was some clumped foot coming rudely in contact with my miner's cap.

Of the depth to which I descended I can form no notion. My guide-book says the height of each ladder is from 24 to 30 ells. Of these I was told there are sixty in the Himmelfahrt. Indeed, my cicerone persuaded me I had gone down forty-two of them. However this may be, the depth of "Birch-wood shaft" stands in the guide-book as over 1,300 ells; and the "Murder Mine" is deeper still. The passages are generally very low; an exceedingly unpleasant stoop had to be maintained in traversing them. Generally the walls were plain gneiss or quartz, often discolored with red muddy water from iron springs; but here and there the veins are so rich, that even our dim lights sufficed for a magic illumination. This was especially the case in the "new vein," the great discovery of the year, sufficiently painful to creep through, but repaying all by its great brilliancy. The gallery seemed to run in a somewhat circular direction, and so we got round almost to the same point where our descent had ceased. Going up the forty-two ladders was weary, tiring work. However, we were cheered at each landing by the "Gluck auf" from parties of descending miners, to whom we duly replied, "Macht gesund Schicht"—"Well speed thy task"; for these people have conventional phrases, which are as indispensable as the mixed jargon of French and English peculiar to certain circles at home. In ascending I noticed the excellent ventilation, managed by trap-doors at the different landings. There is always an official moving about to see to this. In England we leave this important duty too often to mere children. The floors and trap doors were also in my eyes admirable preservatives against what otherwise might occur with such very perpendicular ladders—viz., a fall right through from top to bottom. After a weary climb we got within sound of the eternal anti-danger bell, and at length emerged into the cold and rain. When we descended, the children in the "schools" were singing their evening hymn, and "mine host's" parlor was full of grave omnivorous guests; but now all was silent; the cabaret deserted by all except one man, who had been some years among our Cornish mines, and spoke a little English—a drunken fellow, who had wanted to accompany me below, and, foiled in this, had waited above, in hopes of more beer—and for one or two more, for whom the "swipes and sausage" seemed to have never-ending attractions.

While we were divesting ourselves of our leathern integuments, I had an opportunity of testing the honesty of my guide. It is strictly forbidden—I know not why—to sell or give away any specimens of the ore; all such must be obtained by special permission, at the Bergmeister's office. We were alone in our "dressing-room," several really beautiful pieces of fluor, quartz, and silver crystals, etc., were round, but nothing could tempt him to let me do more than touch them. It was too late to go and visit the Amalgam Works or any other wonders, even had I been duly provided with permits; so there remained nothing for it but to kill time till the hour for the eilwagen's return: I therefore waited till the change of relays (they have three in the twenty-four hours). This brought a crowd of swarthy miners into mine host's, for "bier, washwasser, und putzen" (beer, washing water, and toilet). The English speaker now went in his turn, and I was left with some eight or ten, all burning to know whence I came, and why. I told them the fact, that I was from "aus Ireland"; but not being strong in geography, they shook their heads, till one started "Island" (Iceland) as an emendation and forthwith I was set down as a countryman of the geysers, and doubtless connected with legends of the iron-working Norsemen, who forged the swords of Rollo and Harold Haarfager. This was too good to last, and the murder came out through my own folly. Each miner wears a belt, to which are attached two curious knives, and a lead pencil of most primitive construction. This I coveted, and began bargaining with one of my friends for the fee simple of his property. At once the shrewdest of the party cried out, "Ach Gott, der Her ist ein Englander,' and up went the price of the belt, and my "little bill" for beer and sausages was swelled, doubtless, to three times its true dimensions. Nevertheless, I got some good information about the hydraulic apparatus, and was told that, in spite of it, the mine nearest to this (the "Prince Elector's level") could only be worked to two-thirds its real depth. The miners were fine tall fellows, not a bit bent by their work; grave even beyond their countrymen of grave Saxon-land, never surprised into anything beyond a lengthened "Wie-eh?" whereby in their broad dialect they politely expressed an incredulous "No, you don't say so!" The lowest wages are from three to five newgroschen (some five pence to seven pence) a day; men get about seven, and master workmen up as high as fifteen (*i. e.*, about one shilling and ten pence). However, we must remember that in matters of food, money is worth nearly twice, and in the consideration which it gives the possessor full five times, as much as in England.

A VOICE FROM FRANCE.

[M. Octave Giraud is publishing in *La Presse* a series of reviews of the American Question. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* translates the following passage.]

What is the difference between the North and the South? It is the difference between free and slave labor. From the moment there shall no longer be any but free labor in all the Republic, there will no longer be any North or South, there will be nothing but the Republic of the United States. It is therefore slavery which prevents the Union, and slavery once destroyed, there is no longer any reason for dissolving the Union. There will not thereafter be any more domination by the South than by the North, it will then be a domination of the United States. Public opinion in England is coming back more and more from its partiality for the rebellion. The book of Mr. Spence, which at first contributed toward troubling public opinion, has also very much contributed toward enlightening it, when the hour of reflection was able to take the place of passion. In France, public opinion still hesitates because the government itself seems to hesitate. Nevertheless the old sympathy of France for the United States is not destroyed and ought to revive. Writers of great merit urge on this revival, which will be also the revival of good sense. M. Edward Laboulaye, among others, has a right to feel proud of the sympathy of America, which calls him, with justice, "the most American of Frenchmen." We have been diverted a little out of the way of truth; but in France we are sure to find again the right track. With us the head loses itself often, but the heart not less often brings it back again. There might be, at the present moment, a motive for making us all embrace the cause of the North—a complete triumph on the field of battle. Our heads are so turned at the present moment that an accomplished fact would appear to us immediately as a triumph of the right. We should thus be on the side of right without wishing it, and perhaps without knowing it. * * * The civil war has given to the United States the occasion for disclosing an unknown strength, a strength which excites surprise and admiration. This people were in the habit of astonishing us with their agricultural, industrial and commercial prosperity; they now surprise us by their prodigies of military heroism. Merchants, arid of dollars, become lions suddenly on the field of battle. In the North and in the South more than a million of men take up arms. The North forgets for the moment its habits of traffic; the South its habits of idleness. Peace had been fertile in the invention of agricultural and industrial machines; war has proved not less fecund in the invention of formidable engines of destruction. The South constructed the *Merrimac*, and the North opposed to it the *Monitor*; naval warfare was transformed and changed its physiognomy. Walls no longer protect fortresses. Europe had its rifled and its Armstrong guns; the Americans surpass Europe and use guns of 200, which carry to a distance unknown heretofore. We may regret that the human mind should waste such a wonderful power in murderous inventions, but such a power of invention nevertheless does it honor. The United States had no army, and hundreds of thousands of volunteers rise up at the moment of danger. It might be said that America was transported suddenly to the France of 1792. These armies discipline themselves and make long and difficult campaigns. Your generals rise up as vehement in the attack as prudent in the retreat. Victories and reverses succeed each other, but valor is everywhere equal. The troops of the South have more of the character of disciplined men, those of the North have especially the character of free men. On one side we see dominating the influence of a military government, on the other side that of a civil government. If the rebellion should succeed, the South, I believe, will have to submit to the despotism of the sword; the North, even in maintaining an army, will preserve a free government. The triumph of the Union alone can guarantee the United States against the dangers of a standing army. * * * Are we approaching the end of that terrible struggle, from which Europe suffers almost as much as America? It would be risking too much to attempt to prophesy when the fortunes of war are so capricious. But the triumph of the Union appears probable, and, if we consider the interests of civilization, it is desirable. Two Generals worthy of each other—Grant and Lee—now stand face to face. If the Union is reconstructed the material development of the United States will resume its course, associated this time with a moral development.

With the Union all the social guarantees are consolidated: liberty of the press, individual liberty, political liberty. The Union is public instruction spreading over all minds like an immense light; it is the unity of religious teachings in their bearing on the morality of principles; it is labor disengaged from servility, and sanctified as the most useful and the most noble of duties; it is Justice, holding for all the scales of equality, and it is also the equality of the human race by the association of emancipated negroes; it is, in a word, the consolidation of Democratic institutions, and for the entire world an example of civilization, of grandeur and of prosperity, by the great principle of liberty. The antithesis of the New World bringing about the triumph of a new civilization will no longer be regarded as a figure of rhetoric, but a glorious truth.

RUMINATING MEN.

"I remember," says Mrs. Piozzi, in her *Tour in Italy*, "Dr. Johnson once said that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing, and challenged the company to produce a strange thing; but I had not then seen Avvocato B——, a la Wyerhere, at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox. He is apparently much like another tall stout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks; he can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure; and did absolutely, in the course of two hours, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, masticating, swallowing, and returning by the mouth a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting; but I obtained, besides, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to hear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited nervous man; and I suppose his ruminating moments are spent in lamenting the peculiarities of his frame."

This human chewer of the cud was not such a singular being as Mrs. Piozzi imagined. Fabricius ab Aquapendente records two similar cases coming under his own observation. One was a monk, who rejoiced in another bovine characteristic, his forehead being adorned with a pair of horns. The other ruminant was not so ornamented himself, but was the son of a one-horned parent; he was a Paduan nobleman, and Fabricius had the satisfaction of dissecting him, and proving the falseness of Bartholin's theory, that human ruminants possessed double stomachs. Lynceus tells us of Anthony Recchi, who was obliged to retire from the dinner-table to ruminate undisturbed, and who declared that the second process of mastication "was sweeter than honey, and accompanied with a delightful relish." His son inherited the same faculty, but with him it was under better control, he being able to defer its exercise till a convenient opportunity. Sennert knew a man similarly qualified, and accounted for it by attributing it to the fact of his having been fed on milk warm from the cow, in consequence of the death of his mother at his birth. Pyer believed that two of his countrymen acquired the habit from learning to imitate the calves and sheep with which their vocation associated them. Blumenbach says he knew two men who ruminated their vegetable food, and found great enjoyment in the feat, while one of them had the power of doing so or not as he felt inclined.

In *The Philosophical Transactions* for 1691, there is an account by "the experienced and learned Frederick Slare, M.D.," of a ruminating man living at Bristol, described as a person of mean parents but of tolerable sense and reason, who had followed the practice from his earliest years, and always found a temporary deprivation of the faculty the sure precursor of illness. He used to commence ruminating about a quarter of an hour after a meal, and the process usually occupied him for an hour and a half, and was attended with greater gratification than the first mastication, after which food always lay heavy in the lower part of the throat. Under the date of October 1, 1767, we find the following in *The Annual Register*: "We have the following extraordinary account from Winbourne, in Dorsetshire. A few days ago died here Roger Gill, shoemaker, and one of our singing men, aged about sixty-seven, remarkable for chewing his meat or cud twice over, as an ox, sheep, or cow. He seldom made any breakfast in his latter days; he generally dined about twelve or one o'clock, eat pretty heartily and quickly, without much chewing or mastication. He never drank with his dinner, but afterwards about a pint of such malt liquor as he could get; but no sort of spirituous liquor in any shape, except a little punch, but never cared for that. He usually began his second chewing about a quarter or half an hour, sometimes later, after dinner; when every morsel came up successively, sweeter and sweeter to the taste. Sometimes a morsel would prove offensive and crude, in which case he spat it out. The chewing continued usually about an hour or more, and sometimes would leave him a little while, in which case he would be sick at stomach, troubled with the heartburn, and foul breath. Smoking tobacco would sometimes stop his chewing, but was never attended with any ill consequences. But on the 10th of June last, the faculty entirely left him, and the poor man remained in great tortures till the time of his death."

Similar cases have been recorded by Messrs. Tarbes, Percy, Lawrent, Cullerier, Riche, and Copland. The latter published a full account of a case of rumination in the London *Medical and Physical Journal* (1819-20), and observes in his *Medical Dictionary*, published in 1858, "since the publication of that case, two others, one of them in a medical man, have been treated by me, and I have reason to believe that instances of partial or occasional rumination are not so rare in the human subject as is generally supposed."—*Book of Days.*

THE CAUSE.

Contributed to the St. Louis Fair by John G. Whittier.

God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal;
And sees not with his sordid eyes
The beauty of self-sacrifice!
Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr miracle.

Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong;
For he who strikes for freedom wears
The armor of the captive's prayers,
And nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws:
While he whose arm essays to bind,
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Strives evermore at fearful odds
With nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which, late
Or soon, their right shall vindicate.

POOR LITTLE SANDIE.

Away off, I believe, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No; don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes; but, you see, we do not want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. "And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change; so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh! do buy them the nicht, if ye please,' the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin and get ye the change; for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he was seeking something, and then said, 'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o'yer shillin'. Sandie canna come; he's no weel. A cart ran over him, and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence; and both his legs are brocken; and he's no well at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are brocken. And O, Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am deein'! and who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes; and in a moment

"He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Come children, listen to me, and I will teach you there is but one way; it is to be tender and trusty, and true. Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys or girls, or to take what mother has said you must not take, I want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little man, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true; and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby, and he a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad step-mother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw; and that was Jesus. And he said, "Suffer the little child to come unto me"; and he took him in his arms and blessed him. And then Sandie's own father and mother would come and hear him away to their own home; for in our Father's house there are many mansions; and there Sandie lives now. And I think that the angels who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches, or were hungry or cold, came to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder, and say one to another, "That is the little man that kept his word, and sent back fourpence, and was tender, and trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying." And Sandie would only find out what a grand good thing he had done when he was right at home there in heaven. But I tell you to-day, little children, because, whether it be hard, or whether it be easy, I want you to be as tender, and trusty, and true as Sandie every time.—*Robert Collyer, in Monthly Journal.*

EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION.

Correspondence Christian Advocate and Journal.

New Orleans, June 11.

To-day will be historical in New Orleans. It has witnessed the celebration of the Act of Emancipation of the State of Louisiana. Twenty-five thousand persons, mostly colored, assembled on Congo Square to participate in the proceedings. Among them we noticed Gen. Banks, Gov. Hahn, the Rev. Messrs. J. G. Bass, J. W. Horton, C. Strong, T. W. Conway, Dr. Ready, and other prominent citizens.

The exercises were opened with singing by the children. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Forest. I will give a part of it:

"Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, maker of heaven and earth, it is in thy presence, that this assembly has met to celebrate thy goodness. We bless thee that thou hast permitted us to meet on this 11th day of June, 1864. Thousands of our fathers have looked for this day, but died without the sight. We bless thee that we meet in this grand assembly on one platform without respect of color. We hardly know how to thank thee for this goodness which thou has shown us. We thank thee that thou hast heard the prayers and groans of thy people, and we have seen it written to day in large letters, 'Slavery's chain is bound to break.' We thank thee that while thousands have died in bondage we are spared to see the day when

'Louisiana's star is shining bright;
General Banks is giving light:
Our Convention is doing right,
And now we all are free.'"

The remainder of the prayer consisted of fervent supplications for the Army and Navy, Gen. Butler Gen. Banks, Gen. Grant, President Lincoln, the State Convention, the speakers, and the meeting. The audience indorsed the prayer with enthusiastic cheering.

Dr. J. W. Rodgers, the orator of the day, presented a summary review of the conflict of right and wrong, or of heathenism and true religion, at various periods of the world's history, commencing at the beginning and coming down to our times. He claimed that by the Act of Emancipation the colored man was bound to the white with bonds tenfold stronger than before. If at the commencement of the war the South had offered them the same terms they would have accepted them, and the Union would have been rent in twain.

There are four things that colored men want—freedom, suffrage, work, and wages. Give us these, and we are satisfied. We do not wish to hasten our entrance into legislative bodies, but only to say who shall rule over us.

We are *loyal* citizens, and are ready to defend our country at a moment's call. Our forefathers fought for the stars and stripes under General Jackson in the war of 1814-15. When General Shepley called for troops to defend this city, within forty-eight hours we had one regiment in the field armed and equipped, and ready for service.

President Lincoln had told a committee that the two races could not live together. If so, give us a country for ourselves; give us Texas, and we will make it the brightest star in the galaxy.

He alluded to Gen. Banks and Gov. Hahn in complimentary terms, and expressed the belief that Cuba, Mexico, and Canada would be added to our national domain, and in less than three hundred years the stars and stripes would wave over the tower of London. He was followed by a French orator and Gov. Hahn. A considerable portion of the assembly then formed into line of procession and marched through some of the principal streets, occupying forty-five minutes in passing a given point. As from the gallery of Gen. Banks's headquarters I beheld that joyous, living stream of loyalty, decorated with flags and banners, badges and sashes, pouring its jubilant tide along Carondelet street, that old den of secession and of slavery and even now lined with few gratified spectators, causing those old cotton marts to ring again with the natal shout of new-born freemen, I could but exclaim "Verily, what hath God wrought! Is this New Orleans? Do we dream?"

W. T.

New Trick of Secessionists in Europe.—Let me give the government a warning. When the war commenced no Southern man thought of denying that slavery was the cause of the war. Soon, however, it was discovered that for foreign purposes it was absolutely necessary to deny that slavery had anything to do with the war, and that the quarrel was all about the tariff and other local questions. Our foreign enemies, who are all opposed to slavery, easily adopted this theory, because they desired some escape for their consciences, and now they have repeated so often the lesson which has been taught them that they really believe it to be true. Having fixed this point, the secession propagandists now go a step further, and it is to this point I wished to call attention. *They now proclaim that slavery, by the effect of this immense and prolonged war, is practically destroyed.* So that when they come to the point of again asking for mediation or a recognition, and are asked to take some step for the abolition of slavery, they will be prepared to say that slavery is practically destroyed by the effect of the war; *therefore no legislation is required on the subject*; and they hope that by keeping the idea constantly before the public that the European governments will get finally to viewing the question in the same light, and that therefore they will not press the subject of legislation as preliminary to a recognition. The idea is not a bad one by any means. Our secession friends have certainly had plenty of time to prepare all their diplomatic coups, but we hope Gen. Grant will not give them much more.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Absence Proper for Husbands.—Miss Muloch says: "A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours in the day. And truly a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge this as a great boon. A house where "papa" or "the boys" are always about, popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them as well as for us to have all the inevitable petty domestic bothers got over in their absence; to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to a quiet smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away, like the dust and cinders from the grate which, *en passant*, is one of the first requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master could contrive to leave the wordly mud of the day at the scraper outside his door.

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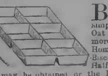

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